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PSEUDO-SHAKESPEARIAN PLAYS.

II.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

REVISED AND EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

KARL WARNKE, PH. D.

AND

LUDWIG PROESCHOLDT, PH. D.

HALLE:

MAX NIEMEYER.

1884.

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INTRODUCTION.

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THE earliest known edition of The Merry Devil of Edmonton was published in 1608, with the title: '*The Merry Devill of Edmonton. As it hath beene sundry times Acted, by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on the bank-side. London, Printed by Henry Ballard for Arthur Johnson, dwelling at the signe of the white-horse in Paules Churchyard, ouer against the great North doore of Paules.* 1608.' (A). In the course of the next fifty years five more editions of the play were issued, the first two of which were likewise printed for Arthur Johnson in 1612 and 1617 (BC), the third and fourth for Francis Falkner in 1626 and 1631 (DE), and the fifth for W. Gilbertson in 1655 (F).

The *Editio princeps* of the play has been accessible to us in a copy, preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge, and bearing the press-mark *Capell R.* 23. The edition of 1612 is, as far as we know, not to be found in any public library; we owe the knowledge of it to the liberality of Mr. A. H. Huth, who kindly allowed us to make a transcript from his own copy of it. The remaining four editions of the play have been collated by us after copies preserved in the British Museum and bearing the press-marks C. 24. l. 12 (C), C. 34. b. 19 (D), 161. a. 23 and 643. c. 12 (E, two copies), 643. c. 13 (F).

Even *a priori* it may be supposed that the first three editions of the play, being printed for the same publisher, are nearly related to each other. And indeed, in a number of cases B and C show the same mistakes as the edition of 1608. So *panting* is printed for *parting* II. 3. 16, *steale* for *stealth* II. 3. 27, *parsonages* for *parsonage* IV. 2. 34; wrong prefixes are put before the lines I. 3. 31; II. 2. 20; IV. 1. 12; IV. 2. 63; V. 1. 72, 113; stage-directions are omitted IV. 1. 172; V. 1. 111; V. 2. 104. On the other hand, not unfrequently two of the editions exhibit a mistake, avoided or corrected by the third. So AB Ind. 72; III. 1. 11; V. 2. 44; AC I.

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1. 33, 40; I. 2. 23; BC II. 3. 56; III. 2. 11; IV. 2. 67. It is evident that C, having some mistakes or misprints in common only with A, others only with B, cannot have been directly derived either from A or from B. On the contrary we must suppose that B and C are independent of each other, and that both of them are based on a lost or at least unknown edition of our play (A'). This hypothetical edition preserved part of the mistakes of A, and added a few more of its own. To the former class belong all those which are to be met with either in AB or in AC, to the latter those which we find in BC. At any rate, A' seems to have been of little intrinsic value and was probably a mere reprint of A. For C, though deriving from A', differs from A only in subordinate and unimportant points. So C prints *shall* for *can* I. 2. 50, *toward* for *towards* I. 3. 66, *this night* for *to night* II. 2. 79, *yonder* for *yond* II. 3. 17, *betweene* for *betwixt* ib. 50, *some* for *such* III. 2. 64, *your* for *our* ib. 157, *at* for *in* IV. 1. 20, *blacke* for *dark* IV. 2. 1.[1]) Whilst C in all essential points agrees with the *Editio princeps* of the play, B offers a great many different readings from A. As all subsequent editions are, directly or indirectly, based on B, it matters much to know whether the readings of B are to be considered as corrections of the poet himself, or as the arbitrary alterations of some unknown editor. Setting aside all those readings which may be quite as genuine and quite as correct in B as in A, we shall turn our eye only to those passages in which either of the editions presents a reading decidedly superior to the other. There can be little doubt that the reading of A must be preferred by us Ind. 39; I. 1. 3; I. 2. 25; I. 3. 68; I. 3. 85, 86; III. 2. 90; IV. 2. 6. To these passages we add II. 1. 23 and V. 1. 72 where, in all probability at least, A presents the original reading. B, on the other hand, exhibits a better reading than A I. 1. 40; I. 3. 91; II. 1. 44. The misprint in A I. 3. 98 was already corrected in A', as the reading of C agrees with that of B. Thus we see that only in a few instances the editor of B succeeded in removing a wrong reading, but that, on the contrary, he introduced into the text a number af alterations which must be rejected by us. As to the indifferent passages, it will therefore certainly be best not to depart from the reading of A, particularly when supported by C.

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[1]) A' added I. 3. 111 which had dropped out in A (only in some copies?).

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It is easily to be seen that D and E, which form the second group of the old editions, directly emanate from B. We meet in them not only with the same mistakes which we have pointed out in B, but with some misprints not contained either in A or in C; cp. I. 2. 19 *discontinnance* BD for *discontinuance,* II. 2. 25 *no* om. BDE, V. 2. 26 *Venere* BDEF for *Cerere.* Far however from merely reprinting B, the editor of D tried to adapt the text of the play as much as possible to his own age. So he wrote *miles* for *mile* Pr. 13, *cough o'th lungs* for *cough a'th lungs* I. 3. 50, *horse is* for *horses* I. 3. 126, *frowardnesse* for *soares* II. 2. 57, *you* for *yee* V. 1. 39, *at the next assizes* for *at next a.* V. 2. 11, *doe you see* for *dee see* A, *doe see* B V. 2. 44; cp., besides, *to acquaint* for *t'acquaint* III. 2. 165, *Metropolitane* for *Metrapolitan* IV. 1. 64 &c. In conformity with the statute of King James I., the editor of D either omitted or altered the name of God; so he omitted *to God* IV. 2. 44, *Lord* ib. 57, and wrote *by the mass* for *by the Lord* ib. 43, *before Iove* for *before God* V. 1. 125, *by my sword* for *by the Lord* II. 1. 59. For the same reason he always printed *blood* for *zblood, hart* for *zhart, foot* for *zfoot, life* for *slife, nounes* for *zounds* &c. Of greater interest to us are those alterations by which the editor of D tried to restore the defective sense of some passages. In our opinion he succeeded in giving a right or at least an acceptable reading I. 1. 16; II. 1. 6; II. 2. 5; ib. 54; II. 3. 2; ib. 27; III. 2. 127; IV. 2. 34; V. 2. 142. Besides D is right in assigning I. 3, 31 to *Iernyngham,* II. 2. 20 to *Sir Arthur,* IV. 2. 63 to *Sexton,* and in adding stage-directions where they are wanted. In all other cases, however, where D differs from A (AC), we have not deviated from the reading which must be considered by us as the original one.

The same remark applies to E. Published five years afterwards by the same book-seller, it agrees in all essential points with D; the few slight alterations which it offers are of little or no interest for the modern reader of the play.

A similar place to that of D is held by F, published twenty-four years after E (1655). The editor of F chose the last edition published (E) as the model to work on, and followed it so closely as to adopt even some glaring mistakes; cp. the notes to Pr. 36; Ind. 70; I. 1. 99; I. 3. 30; ib. 42; II. 2. 7; III. 2. 19; IV. 1. 77; IV. 2. 30; V. 1. 66; V. 2. 66; besides V, 2. 10; ib. 31; ib. 116. Notwithstanding we owe to F the correction of a number of passages.

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which had been quite disregarded by all preceding editors. Not unfrequently it happens that the names of Raph, Harry, Arthur, Clare and Iernigham are confounded with one another in ABCDE; cp. II. 2. 44; III. 1. 68; III. 2. 150; IV. 1. 99; V. 1 Stage-dir.; ib. 106, 107. As in some of these passages the verse suffers from the alteration required by the sense, we have perhaps to suppose that the poet himself, carelessly preparing his manuscript for the press, committed the blunders which were faithfully preserved in the following editions. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the alterations of F must be considered as corrections and are to be put into the critical text of the play. Besides, the editor took care to regulate the versification of the play, in printing as verse a number of prose-passages which doubtless must be read as verse; s. II. 3. 22—24; III. 2. 128, 129; V. 1. 43—45; ib. 97—105; V. 2. 82, 83. In a few isolated cases some trivial mistakes of a different kind were removed by F; cp. the notes to I. 1. 70, 72; II. 3. 27; III. 2. 28; IV. 1. 134.

Eighty-nine years after F the first modern edition of the play was published in 'A Select Collection of Old Plays. London, Printed for R. Dodsley in Pall-Mall, 1744, Vol. XI, pp. 123—169' (G). In the Introductory Notice it is distinctly stated that this edition was printed from the one published in 1655; and even without that notice it might easily be seen that the editor of G did not resort to any of the earlier editions; cp. ad I. 3. 23; II. 2. 69; II. 3. 72; III. 1. 117; V. 1. 70; V. 2. 31. The meaning of many an expression having become obsolete and obscure in the course of a century, a number of passages were altered in G; cp. the notes to I. 2. 4; I. 3. 73; II. 1. 56; ib. 60; III. 1. 77; III. 2. 89; ib. 158; IV. 1. 79 &c. Only in two cases (I. 1. 70 and II. 1. 68) we have thought fit to avail ourselves of the alterations of G.

The second edition of Dodsley's Select Collection of Old Plays was published by Isaac Reed, London 1780 (H). The title asserts that this edition has been 'corrected and collated with the old copies', and at the end of the Merry Devil of Edmonton (Vol. V, 245—306) Isaac Reed says: 'That (the edition) of 1655, from which the former edition of this play was printed, is unworthy of any notice from the number of errors it contains.' Notwithstanding this, Reed did not hesitate substantially to reprint G; cp. I. 1. 101; I. 3. 42; ib. 48; ib. 110; II. 3. 40; III. 1. 77; IV. 1. 79; ib. 118 &c. Now and then,

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it is true, he must have had recourse to one of the older editions; for in some few cases he disdains the reading of DEFG and agrees with ABC, s. I. 3. 133; II. 2. 38; IV. 2. 57. That old edition was in all probability C, cp. I. 2. 25; I. 3. 98 and V. 2. 56. On the whole, however, the editor of H stuck to G, i. e. to BDEFG, and only in the few instances just mentioned he preferred the reading of A (C). As the editor did not choose to add any corrections, the addition of *the* II. 2. 71 may be considered merely as a mistake.

A new edition of the comedy was published in 'The Ancient British Drama. London, Printed for William Miller, Albemarle Street, By James Ballantyne and Co. Edinburgh 1810', 3 voll., vol. II, 238—257 (I). This edition, though superintended by Walter Scott, is of little interest to the critic; it is evidently based on H, and it is certainly only a matter of chance if it agrees with other editions, as Ind. 1; IV. 1. 86; V. 1. 118.

H was likewise the basis of the reprint of our play in the third edition of Dodsley's Collection, ed. J. P. Collier, London 1825, vol. V, p. 221—274 (K). Now and then, however, G also must have been compared by the editor; cp. I. 2. 25; I. 3. 98, and particularly II. 1. 68. Only in few instances Collier corrected the verse or tried to throw light on an obscure passage by adding a conjecture of his own.

Lastly the comedy of the Merry Devil was published in the fourth edition of Dodsley's Collection, ed. W. Carew Hazlitt, London 1875, vol. X, p. 201—264 (L). This edition is doubtless superior to all preceding it; Mr. Hazlitt collated some of the old editions and in many cases tried to re-establish the sense and the metre of an apparently corrupt passage. But as Mr. Hazlitt did not examine the *Editio princeps* and was not aware of the second edition of the play, his edition too, careful as it is, cannot stand the test to which we now-a-days submit a critical edition.

Three different Elizabethan dramatists, Shakespeare, Drayton, and Heywood, have been proposed as presumptive authors of the play; but as cogent arguments are absolutely wanting, it will hardly ever be possible to settle the question definitively.

In the Library of King Charles II., we are told, there existed a volume, containing Mucedorus, The Merry Devill of Edmonton

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and Faire Em, and labelled *Shakespeare, vol. I.*[1]) On the authority of that inscription, Kirkman, the bookseller, registered the play in his catalogue as a comedy of Shakespeare's. In England that tradition seems not to have met with any advocate; in Germany, however, two well-known Shakespearian critics, L. Tieck and H. von Friesen, felt inclined to attribute the play to Shakespeare.

In Tieck's opinion[2]), the whole play is of a piece with the Merry Wives of Windsor, particularly in the form which the latter comedy had in its first edition; some of the personages closely resemble Shakespearian characters; the Induction as well as the scene in the forest bear the stamp of Shakespeare's genius. Tieck's opinion as to the author of the play has been adopted and supported by H. von Friesen.[3]) Friesen, it is true, owns that one of the most striking characteristics of Shakespeare's art, the symmetry and skilful arrangement of the whole, is wanting; yet he is of opinion that the play, both in language and contents, is not unworthy of Shakespeare. The Host in the Merry Devil of Edmonton is cast in the same mould as the Host in the Merry Wives, and the conversation between Sir Arthur, Sir Raph and Friar Hildersham reminds the reader of the Comedy of Errors; some parallel thoughts and expressions may be traced in Romeo and Juliet, Richard II., the Merchant of Venice, and even the Sonnets; the trochaic short-lines III. 1 and 2 are something like to the invocations and magical charms of the elves in the Midsummernight's-Dream. All such analogies and parallel passages, however, amount to little in the way of evidence. Besides, in nothing do scholars disagree more than in literary questions of the kind. The very resemblance of the two hosts makes Ch. Knight[4]) think it impossible that Shakespeare wrote the play, since he, in the abundance of his riches, would certainly not have repeated himself. The same forest scene, which to Tieck seems to have a Shakespearian touch, lacks in Ulrici's opinion[5]) all that fine irony which is characteristic of the comical

[1]) Afterwards in Garrick's Collection; now, broken up, in the British Museum. According to Simpson, Transactions of the New-Shakspere-Society, the label was *Shakespeare, vol. II.*

[2]) Tieck, Alt-Englisches Theater, vol. II, pp. 7—9.

[3]) H. von Friesen, Flüchtige Bemerkungen über einige Stücke, welche Shakespeare zugeschrieben werden. Shakespeare-Jahrbuch, vol. I, pp. 160—165.

[4]) Charles Knight, Studies on Shakespeare, p. 288 seqq.

[5]) Ulrici, Shakespeare's Dramatische Kunst, ed. 2, vol. III, p. 71 seqq.

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episodes in Shakespeare's plays. The action of the play, the same critic continues, is likewise destitute of that unity which we admire in all the plays of the great dramatist; the story of Fabell's treaty with the devil has nothing to do with the subject of the play; the love-affair between Milliscent and Young Mountchensey is but loosely and quite externally connected with the pranks of Sir John and his merry companions. The conclusion, arrived at by Ulrici, is that the author of the Merry Devil of Edmonton must have been a not unskilful poet, endowed particularly with a certain talent for popular poetry, and grown up under Shakespeare's influence, but that we can by no means set down Shakespeare himself as the author of the play. Every reader, we feel sure, will subscribe to Ulrici's opinion, and hardly any critic will now-a-days venture to claim the play for England's greatest poet.

In his Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth 1820, p. 221, Hazlitt proposes Thomas Heywood as the author of the play. 'The Merry Devil of Edmonton', he says, 'which has been sometimes attributed to Shakespeare, is assuredly not unworthy of him. It is more likely, however, both from the style and subject-matter, to have been Heywood's than any other person's. Romantic, sweet, tender, it expresses the feelings of honour, of love, and friendship in their utmost delicacy, enthusiasm and purity.' Also Ulrici is of opinion that the management of the fable as well as the style of the comedy remind the reader of Heywood's plays. The exterior evidence, however, which the same learned gentleman has adduced in favour of his theory, is based on a mistake and cannot be turned to any account. On March 5th 1608 the two booksellers Joseph Hunt and Thomas Archer had a book registered with the title: 'A Book called the Lyfe and Deathe of the Merry Devil of Edmonton, with the pleasant Pranks of Smugge the Smyth, Sir John and mine Hoste of the George, about their stealing of Venison. By T. B.' This 'book' is certainly identical with the prose-tract which was published (for the second time?) in 1631 and the author of which was Tony. Brewer.[1]) Ulrici, however, identifies this tract

[1]) The prose-tract has been described by Dr. L. Proescholdt in 'Eine prosaische Nachbildung der Erzählung des Müllers aus Chaucer's Canterbury Tales', Anglia VII, p. 116 seqq. According to the entry in the catalogue of the British Museum Dr. P. stated the author of the book to have been *Thomas* Brewer. Mr. Bullen kindly hinted to us that the author's name was *Tony*

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with our comedy and supposes T. B. to have been the initials of the author of our play. As there is no dramatic poet known to him, whose name shows the initials T. B., Ulrici thinks T. B. to be a misprint for T. H. i. e. Thomas Heywood.[1])

For completeness' sake we add that Thomas Coxeter (d. 1747) and Oldys have ascribed our play to Michael Drayton, perhaps only because he has in his Polyolbion described the localities mentioned in our play.

The comedy of the Merry Devil of Edmonton is, as far as we know, mentioned for the first time in the Blacke Booke by T. M., 1604: 'Giue him leaue to see the Merry Devil of Edmunton, or A Woman kill'd with kindness.' The play was not entered into the Stationers' Registers till on the 22^{d} October 1607; the earliest edition extant (1608) seems in fact to be the *Editio princeps* of the play. The resemblance to the Merry Wives induced Tieck to assign it to the year 1600; but A. W. Ward, l. c. I. 463, is probably right in believing this year in any case too late a date. The battle of S. Quentins (1558) would indeed hardly have been mentioned in a comedy like ours, if the remembrance of it had no more been within the memory of men.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton must have been a highly popular performance. This not only appears from the number of early editions, but is attested in plain words by Ben Jonson, who in the prologue of 'The Devil is an Ass' says[2]):

'And show this but the same face you have done
Your dear delight, the Devil of Edmonton.'

Of modern critics Ch. Lamb in his 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets' I. 55—60 speaks with great warmth and admiration of the play, and Ch. Knight and Ulrici pronounce a by no means unfavourable judgment on it. Mr. Swinburne in his 'Sonnets on the English Dramatic Poets', No. XVIII, calls our comedy

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Brewer, whose initials 'T. B.' also stand on the titlepage of the 'Country Girl', the scene of which is laid in Edmonton.

[1]) The same mistake occurs again in A. W. Ward, History of English Dramatic Literature I, p. 463: 'The first edition of the play did not bear the initials of Shakspere, but those of T. B.'

[2]) Ben Jonson, ed. Cunningham, vol. II, p. 212.

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'that sweet pageant of the kindly fiend
Who, seeing three friends in spirit and heart made one,
Crowned with good hap the true love-wiles he screened
In the pleached lanes of pleasant Edmonton.'

The principal charm of the play lay for contemporaries doubtless in the comical scenes; and also Peter Fabell, the merry Fiend of Edmonton, may be supposed to have been a favourite personage with them. It is much to be regretted that all we know about Peter Fabell amounts to little more than what we learn from our comedy. In T. Brewer's prose-tract only the first four chapters treat of Maister Peter, all the rest is devoted to Smug and his 'pleasant Prancks.' 'In Edmonton', Brewer says, 'he was borne, liued and died, in the reign of King H. VII [1485—1509]. He was a man of good discent: and a man, either for his gifts externall or internall, inferior to few. For his person he was absolute. Nature had never showne the fulnesse of her skill more in any then in him. For the other, I meane his great learning (including many misteries), hee was as amply blest as any.'[1] As early as 1533 Peter Fabell was made the hero of a ballad, entitled Fabyls Ghoste. Th. Warton, in his History of English Poetry, ed. W. C. Hazlitt (London, 1871), vol. IV, p. 76, says: 'In the dispersed library of the late Mr. William Collins I saw a thin folio of two sheets in black letter, containing a poem in the octave stanza, entitled Fabyls Ghoste, printed by John Rastell in the year 1533. The piece is of no merit... [The old play] has nothing, except the machine of the chime, in common with Fabyll's Ghoste.'

As in most comedies of the age, the blank-verse in the Merry Devil of Edmonton is interspersed with numerous prose-passages. All persons of an essentially comical character do not 'speake in Numbers', as the Host calls it. Thus Master Blague the Host, and his boon-companions Banks and Smug, Sir John the priest[2], and his Sexton, Bilbo and the Chamberlain speak in prose, and so do the other persons when conversing with them; s. I. 1; I. 2; II. 3. 44 seqq.; V. 1. 111; V. 2. When any of the other persons are joking, they also use prose instead of verse; cp. the scene in the Abbey

[1]) Quoted by Nares, s. v. Fabell.
[2]) But cp. II. 1. 22 seqq.

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III. 1. 12 seqq.; ib. 27; ib. 36; ib. 45 seqq.; III. 2. 132. Prose is also used to express passion or anger; cp. especially V. 1. 19 seqq. where the comical effect is heightened by the sudden change of verse and prose; V. 1. 49 seqq.; ib. 54 seqq.; V. 2. 65 seqq. Therefore we have thought it best to print A. Jerningham's speech and H. Clare's answer to it as prose I. 3. 61 seqq. and 67 seqq. In some other instances prose is intended to lower the dramatic pitch. Harry Clare and Arthur Jerningham, when in the forest with Milliscent, use prose when talking about the way and the time (IV. 1. 33—45), but they pass to verse as soon as they address Milliscent (ib. 46). Raph, Brian's man, speaks in prose IV. 1. 72; Brian's words are printed in the editions partly as prose, partly as verse. It seems possible to re-establish verse in most passages; the two prose-passages which we admit may be explained as spoken in anger.

Frequently passages which must doubtless be regarded as verse are printed as prose in the old editions. In most cases the metre is restored by the subsequent editions; so by D II. 2. 90; by F II. 3. 22; III. 2. 128; V. 1. 43; ib. 97; by K III. 2. 123; ib. 162; by L III. 1. 112; by the present Edd. III. 2. 139; IV. 1. 161 &c. On the other hand a prose-passage is printed as verse by part of the Edd. I. 3. 61 seqq.

Proper Alexandrines with six accents are seldom to be met with in our play. As apparent Alexandrines may be considered I. 3. 40; III. 1. 1; III. 2. 4 where the redundant two or three syllables are best put in separate lines; besides III. 1. 94; V. 1. 38; ib. 92; ib. 107. Real Alexandrines seem to be II. 2. 66; III. 1. 68; IV. 1. 129; ib. 145.

The Prioress and Raymond, in the disguise of Benedick, speak in rhymed lines with four accents; the metre is generally trochaic, but is frequently interchanged with iambic lines. Bilbo, finally, uses some short-lines (II. 3. 58—63), the rhythm of which agrees very well with their contents.

The text of the present edition of the Merry Devil of Edmonton has been based on the edition of 1608. Wherever the text of A offers a mistake, we have tried to correct it according to the subsequent editions; wherever, on the other hand, the original reading may be justified, we have taken care not to depart from it in an arbitrary manner. Only in a few isolated instances where

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the tradition was in all appearance corrupt, we have ventured to emend the passage to the best of our power. The readings of all subsequent editions have been embodied by us in the foot-notes, which, we hope, will prove to be faithful and complete. It seemed, however, unnecessary to swell the foot-notes by pointing out the merely orthographical changes of the different editions. The text of the play has been printed in the orthography exhibited by A. The two or three words where for distinctness' sake we have altered the original spelling, have been indicated in the notes. We have not thought it necessary to smooth the metre by contracting forms like *ouer, we haue, we will* &c., where the verse requires a monosyllable, or by dissolving forms like *o're, nunry, absolude,* where the metre requires a word of two or three syllables.

The Explanatory Notes, added to our text, are intended to expound the sense of an obscure passage, or to give the meaning of a word now out of use.[1]) The parallel passages from Shakespeare and other contemporary poets, by which some passages and constructions have been illustrated, will, we hope, not be disdained by the reader of the play.

In the old editions our play is not divided into acts and scenes. Tieck first divided the play into eleven scenes; we have styled the first scene Induction and have divided the remainder of the play into five acts and twelve scenes.

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[1]) We beg the reader's indulgence for a mistake occurring in the Notes, ad I. 2. 26. Cooper's Dictionary bears the title 'Thesaurus Linguae Romanae et Britannicae', and was first published in 1565.

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THE
MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR ARTHUR CLARE.
SIR RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY.
SIR RAPH IERNINGHAM.
HARRY CLARE, *son to Sir Arthur.*
RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, *son to Sir Richard.*
FRANCKE IERNINGHAM, *son to Sir Raph.*
PETER FABELL, *the Merry Devil.*
COREB, *a Spirit.*
BLAGUE, *the Host.*
SIR IOHN, *a Priest.*
BANKS, *the Miller of Waltham.*
SMUG, *the Smith of Edmonton.*
SEXTON.
BILBO.
BRIAN.
RAPH, *Brian's man.*
FRIAR HILDERSHAM.
BENEDICK.
CHAMBERLAINE.

LADY DORCAS CLARE.
MILLISCENT CLARE, *her Daughter.*
THE PRIORESSE *of Cheston Nunnery.*
NUNS *and* ATTENDANTS.

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THE PROLOGUE.

Your silence and attention, worthy friends,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sense
Relish the life of this our actiue sceane!
To which intent, to calme this murmuring breath,
We ring this round with our inuoking spelles;
If that your listning eares be yet prepard
To entertayne the subiect of our play,
Lend vs your patience!
Tis Peter Fabell, a renowned Scholler,
Whose fame hath still beene hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middle-sex his birth and his abode,
Not full seauen mile from this great famous Citty,
That, for his fame in sleights and magicke won,
Was calde the merry Fiend of Edmonton.
If any heere make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton yet fresh vnto this day,
Fixt in the wall of that old antient Church,
His monument remayneth to be seene;
His memory yet in the mouths of men,
That whilst he liude he could deceiue the Deuill.
Imagine now that whilst he is retirde
From Cambridge backe vnto his natiue home,
Suppose the silent, sable-visagde night
Casts her blacke curtaine ouer all the World;
And whilst he sleepes within his silent bed,
Toylde with the studies of the passed day,

PROLOGUE. 13. *miles* D and the rest. — 14. *in sseights* A, *in flights* I. — 20. *yet lives in* or *yet is in* Collier conj. — 24. *visage* C.

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The very time and houre wherein that spirite
That many yeeres attended his commaund,
And oftentimes twixt Cambridge and that towne
Had in a minute borne him through the ayre,
By composition twixt the fiend and him,
Comes now to claime the Scholler for his due.
[*Draw the Curtaines.*
Behold him heere, laide on his restlesse couch,
His fatall chime prepared at his head,
His chamber guarded with these sable slights,
And by him stands that Necromanticke chaire,
In which he makes his direfull inuocations,
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.
Sit with a pleased eye, vntill you know
The Commicke end of our sad Tragique show. [*Exit.*

33. The stage-dir. after l. 32 in the old copies. — 36. *with his sable* EFG.

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INDUCTION.

The Chime goes, in which time Fabell is oft seene to stare about him, and hold vp his hands.

Fab. What meanes the tolling of this fatall chime?
O, what a trembling horror strikes my hart!
My stiffned haire stands vpright on my head,
As doe the bristles of a porcupine.

Enter Coreb, a Spirit.

Cor. Fabell, awake! or I will beare thee hence
Hedlong to hell.
Fab. Ha, ha,
Why dost thou wake me? Coreb, is it thou?
Cor. Tis I.
Fab. I know thee well: I heare the watchfull dogs
With hollow howling tell of thy approch;
The lights burne dim, affrighted with thy presence;
And this distemperd and tempestuous night
Tells me the ayre is troubled with some Deuill.
Cor. Come, art thou ready?
Fab. Whither? or to what?
Cor. Why, Scholler, this the houre my date expires;
I must depart, and come to claime my due.
Fab. Hah, what is thy due?
Cor. Fabell, thy selfe!
Fab. O, let not darkenes heare thee speake that word,
Lest that with force it hurry hence amaine,

INDUCTION. *Induction* pres. Edd., not marked in the old copies; *Scene I.* Tieck. 1. *rouling* FGI, *trolling* H. — 5. *for I* L. — 7, 8. Divided at *me* | in all former Edd. — 16. *this is the hour* GHI.

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And leaue the world to looke vpon my woe:
Yet ouerwhelme me with this globe of earth,
And let a little sparrow with her bill
Take but so much as shee can beare away,
That, euery day thus losing of my load,
I may againe in time yet hope to rise.
Cor. Didst thou not write thy name in thine owne blood,
And drewst the formall deed twixt thee and mee,
And is it not recorded now in hell?
Fab. Why comst thou in this sterne and horred shape,
Not in familiar sort, as thou wast wont?
Cor. Because the date of thy command is out,
And I am master of thy skill and thee.
Fab. Coreb, thou angry and impatient spirit,
I haue earnest busines for a priuate friend;
Reserue me, spirit, vntill some further time.
Cor. I will not for the mines of all the earth.
Fab. Then let me rise, and ere I leaue the world,
Dispatch some busines that I haue to doe;
And in meane time repose thee in that chayre.
Cor. Fabell, I will. [*Sit downe.*
Fab. O, that this soule, that cost so great a price
As the deere pretious blood of her redeemer,
Inspirde with knowledge, should by that alone
Which makes a man so meane vnto the powers,
Euen lead him downe into the depth of hell,
When men in their owne pride striue to know more
Then man should know!
For this alone God cast the Angelles downe.
The infinity of Arts is like a sea,
Into which, when man will take in hand to saile
Further then reason, which should be his Pilot,
Hath skill to guide him, losing once his compasse,
He falleth to such deepe and dangerous whirlepooles,
As he doth lose the very sight of heauen:

27. *name with thine* G and the rest. — 36. *farther* G and the rest. — 39. *Ile dispatch* BDEFG. — 41. [Stage-dir.] *Sits down in the necromantic chair.* L. — 42. *great*] *dear* G and the rest. — 45. *meane*] *near* FG. — 52, 57. *farther* G and the rest. — 55. *haven* I.

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The more he striues to come to quiet harbor,
The further still he finds himselfe from land.
Man, striuing still to finde the depth of euill,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a Diuell.
Cor. Come, Fabell, hast thou done?
Fab. Yes, yes. Come hither!
Cor. Fabell, I cannot.
Fab. Cannot? — What ailes your holownes?
Cor. Good Fabell, helpe me!
Fab. Alas! where lies your griefe? some *Aqua-vitae*!
The Deuil's very sicke, I feare hee'le die;
For he lookes very ill.
Cor. Darst thou deride the minister of darkenes?
In Lucifers dread name Coreb coniures thee
To set him free.
Fab. I will not for the mines of all the earth,
Vnles thou giue me libertie to see
Seauen yeares more, before thou seaze on mee.
Cor. Fabell, I giue it thee.
Fab. Sweare, damned fiend!
Cor. Vnbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee,
Till seauen yeares from this houre be full expirde.
Fab. Enough, come out.
Cor. A vengeance take thy art!
Liue and conuert all piety to euill:
Neuer did man thus ouer-reach the Deuill.
No time on earth like Phaetontique flames
Can haue perpetuall being. Ile returne
To my infernall mansion; but be sure,
Thy seauen yeeres done, noe tricke shall make me tarry,
But, Coreb, thou to hell shalt Fabell carry. [*Exit.*
Fab. Then thus betwixt vs two this variance ends,
Thou to thy fellow Fiends, I to my friends! [*Exit.*

58. *finde*] *know* C. — 68. *dread*] *great* D and the rest. — 70. *for all the mines* EF. — 72. *yeares*] *fiends* AB. — 79. *Phaetentique* ABC, *Phaetonic* L. — 83. *Exit* om. BDEFG. — 84. *between* F and the rest.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARE, DORCAS, *his Lady*, MILLISCENT, *his daughter*, *yong* HARRY CLARE, *the men booted, the Gentlewomen in Cloakes and safe-guardes,* BLAGUE, *the merry host of the George, comes in with them.*

Host. Welcome, good knight, to the George at Waltham, my free-hold, my tenements, goods and chattels! Madam, heer's a roome is the very *Homer* and *Iliads* of a lodging, it hath none of the foure elements in it; I built it out of the Center, and I drinke neere the lesse sacke. Welcome, my little wast of maiden-heads! What? I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Sir Ar. God a mercie, my good host Blague! Thou hast a good seate here.

Host. Tis correspondent or so: there's not a Tartarian nor a Carrier, shall breath vpon your geldings; they haue villanous rancke feete, the rogues, and they shall not sweat in my linnen. Knights and Lords too haue bene drunke in my house, I thanke the destinies.

Y. Cla. Pre' the, good sinful Inkeeper, wil that corruption, thine Ostler, looke well to my gelding. Hay, a poxe of these rushes!

Host. You, Saint Dennis, your gelding shall walke without doores, and coole his feete for his masters sake. By the body of S. George, I haue an excellent intillect to goe steale som venison. Now, when wast thou in the forrest?

SCENE I. *Scene II.* Tieck. 3. *is*] *in* BDEF. — 16. *Ostler to looke* F and the rest. — 16, 18. *geldings* ABC. — 19. *feete*] *heels* FG. — 20. *goe* om. F; *go to steale* C. — 21. *venison now, when* AC, *venison, Now when* B, *venison: Now when* the rest.

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Y. Cla. Away, you stale messe of white-broth! Come hither, sister, let me helpe you.

Sir Ar. Mine Host, is not Sir Richard Mounchensey come yet, according to our appointment, when we last dinde here?

Host. The knight's not yet apparent. — Marry, heere's a forerunner that summons a parle, and saith, heele be here top and top-gallant presently.

Sir Ar. Tis well. Good mine host, goe downe, and see breakfast be prouided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes me downe; I am for the baser element of the kitchin: I retire like a valiant souldier, face point-blanke to the foe-man, or, like a Courtier, that must not shew the Prince his posteriors; I vanish to know my canuasadoes, and my interrogatories, for I serue the good Duke of Norfolke. [*Exit.*

Sir Ar. How doth my Lady? are you not weary, Madam?
Come hither, I must talke in priuate with you;
My daughter Milliscent must not ouer-heare.

Mil. I, whispring, pray God it tend to my good!
Strange feare assailes my heart, vsurps my blood.

Sir Ar. You know our meeting with the knight Mounchensey
Is to assure our daughter to his heire.

L. Dor. Tis, without question.

Sir Ar. Two tedious winters haue past ore, since first
This couple lou'd each other, and in passion
Glewd first their naked hands with youthfull moysture —
Iust so long, on my knowledge.

L. Dor. And what of this?

Sir Ar. This morning should my daughter lose her name,
And to Mounchenseys house conuey our armes,
Quartered within his scutchion; th' affiance, made
Twixt him and her, this morning should be sealde.

L. Dor. I know it should.

27. *a parley and saith* B, *a parle and faith* C, *a parley and faith* the rest. — 33. *souldiers face, point blanke* AC. — 34. *the*] *his* F and the rest. — 35. *I* added by the present Edd. — 36. *Exit* om. EFG. — 39. [Stage-dir.] *Speaking low* added by L. — 40. *tend my good* AC. — 41. *feares assailes* E, *fears assail* F, *fears assail* G. — 46. *These couple* all Edd., except FG. — 51. *the affiance* F and the rest.

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Sir Ar. But there are crosses, wife; heere's one in Waltham,
Another at the Abby, and the third
At Cheston; and tis ominous to passe
Any of these without a pater-noster.
Crosses of loue still thwart this marriage,
Whilst that we two, like spirits, walke in night
About those stony and hard hearted plots.
Mil. O God, what meanes my father?
Sir Ar. For looke you, wife, the riotous old knight
Hath ouer-run his annual reuenue
In keeping iolly Christmas all the yeere:
The nostrilles of his chimny are still stuft
With smoake, more chargeable then Cane-tobacco;
His hawkes deuoure his fattest dogs, whilst simple,
His leanest curres eate his hounds carrion.
Besides, I heard of late, his yonger brother,
A Turky merchant, hath sore suck'de the knight
By meanes of some great losses on the sea;
That, you conceiue mee, before God all's naught,
His seate is weake. Thus, each thing rightly scand,
You'le see a flight, wife, shortly of his land.
Mil. Treason to my hearts truest soueraigne!
How soone is loue smothered in foggy gaine!
L. Dor. But how shall we preuent this dangerous match?
Sir Ar. I haue a plot, a tricke, and this it is —
Vnder this colour Ile breake off the match:
Ile tell the knight that now my minde is changd
For marrying of my daughter: for I intend
To send her vnto Cheston Nunry.
Mil. O me accurst!

54. *in*] *at* FG. — 55. *and a third* G and the rest. — 56. *it is* E and the rest. — 58. *marriage* has the quality of a trisyllable here. — 59. *sprites* C. — 65. *chimneys* D and the rest. — 67, 68. *His hawks devour his fattest hogs, whilst Simple, His leanest cur, eats his hounds' carrion* L. — 68. *eate him hounds* AC. — 70. *Or Turkey* all Edd., except GL; *sure* most Edd., *sore* only FGL. — 72. *all naught* ABCDE, *all is naught* FGHI, *all's naught* KL. — 80. *knights* DE. — 81. For the monosyllabic pronunciation of *daughter* cp. Faire Em, I. 4. 55. — 82. *Nunry* to be pronounced as a trisyllable.

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Sir Ar. There to become a most religious Nunne.
Mil. Ile first be buried quicke.
Sir Ar. To spend her beauty in most priuate prayers.
Mil. Ile sooner be a sinner in forsaking
Mother and father.
Sir Ar. How dost like my plot?
L. Dor. Exceeding well; but is it your intent
Shee shall continue there?
Sir Ar. Continue there? Ha, ha, that were a iest!
You know a virgin may continue there
A twelue moneth and a day onely on triall.
There shall my daughter soiourne some three moneths,
And in meane time Ile compasse a faire match
Twixt youthfull Ierningham, the lusty heire
Of Sir Raph Ierningham, dwelling in the forrest.
I thinke they'le both come hither with Mounchensey.
L. Dor. Your care argues the loue you beare our childe;
I will subscribe to any thing youle haue me. [*Exeunt.*
Mil. You will subscribe to it! Good, good, tis well;
Loue hath two chaires of state, heauen and hell.
My dear Mounchensey, thou my death shalt rue,
Ere to thy heart Milliscent proue vntrue. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter BLAGUE.

Host. Ostlers, you knaues and commanders, take the horses of the knights and competitors: your honourable hulkes haue put into harborough, theile take in fresh water here, and I haue prouided cleane chamber-pots. Via, they come!

Enter SIR RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY, SIR RAPH IERNINGHAM, *young* FRANKE IERNINGHAM, RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, PETER FABELL, *and* BILBO.

84. Prefix om. B. — 93. *onely* om. L. — 99. *beare your childe* EFG. — 100. *Exeunt.* The stage-direction is put after l. 98 in ABC; *Exeunt Sir Arthur and Dorcas* IKL; om. in DEFGH. — 101. *good* only once in GHI. — 104. *Exeunt* G.

SCENE II. *Scene III.* Tieck. — 4. *Via they come* printed as stage-direction in Edd., *voyez — they come* G.

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Host. The destinies be most neate Chamberlaines to these swaggering puritanes, knights of the subsidy.

Sir Rich. God a mercy, good mine host.

Sir Raph. Thankes, good host Blague.

Host. Roome for my case of pistolles, that haue Greeke and Latine bullets in them; let me cling to your flanks, my nimble Giberalters, and blow wind in your calues to make them swell bigger. Ha, Ile caper in mine owne fee-simple. Away with puntillioes and Orthography! I serue the good Duke of Norfolke. Bilbo, *Titere tu, patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Bil. Truely, mine host, Bilbo, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your onely blade still. I haue a villanous sharp stomacke to slice a breakfast.

Host. Thou shalt haue it without any more discontinuance, releases, or atturnement. What! we know our termes of hunting and the sea-card.

Bil. And doe you serue the good Duke of Norfolke still?

Host. Still, and still, and still, my souldier of S. Quintins! Come, follow me; I haue Charles waine below in a but of sacke, 't will glister like your Crab-fish.

Bil. You haue fine Scholler-like tearmes; your Coopers Dixionary is your onely booke to study in a celler, a man shall finde very strange words in it. Come, my host, lets serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Host. And still, and still, and still, my boy, Ile serue the good Duke of Norfolke. [*Exeunt* HOST *and* BILBO.

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARE, HARRY CLARE *and* MILLISCENT.

Sir Raph. Good Sir Arthur Clare!

Sir Ar. What Gentleman is that? I know him not.

Sir Rich. Tis M. Fabell, Sir, a Cambridge scholler, My sonnes deere friend.

Sir Ar. Sir, I intreat you know me.

11. *Giberlaters* EFG. — 14. The words *Titere tu* &c. are given to Bilbo in D and the rest, the word *Bilbo* being erroneously taken for a prefix. — 19. *discontinnance* BD. — 20. *release* L. — 23. *S. Quintus* AC. — 25. *sacke, I will* BDEFGK. — 31. No stage-direction in most Edd. In KL *Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Harry Clare, and Milliscent.*

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Fab. Command me, sir; I am affected to you
For your Mounchenseys sake.
Sir Ar. Alas, for him,
I not respect whether he sinke or swim!
A word in priuate, Sir Ralph Ierningham.
Ray. Methinks your father looketh strangely on me:
Say, loue, why are you sad?
Mil. I am not, sweete;
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meete.
Sir Ar. Shall's in to breakfast? After wee'l conclude
The cause of this our comming: in and feed,
And let that vsher a more serious deed.
Mil. Whilst you desire his griefe, my heart shall bleed.
Y. Ier. Raymond Mounchensey, come, be frolick, friend,
This is the day thou hast expected long.
Ray. Pray God, deere Ierningham, it proue so happy.
Y. Ier. There's nought can alter it! Be merry, lad!
Fab. There's nought shall alter it! Be liuely, Raymond!
Stand any opposition gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PETER FABELL, *solus.*

Fab. Good old Mounchensey, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty and thy royall parts
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorne,
And after all these promises my Clare
Refuse to giue his daughter to thy sonne,
Onely because thy Reuenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of so rich a ioynture
As can the heire of wealthy Ierningham?
And therefore is the false foxe now in hand
To strike a match betwixt her and th' other;

41. *are you so sad* C. — 42. *woe doe mete* E. — 47, 50. Given to *Y. Clare* in L. — 49. *deere Harry Clare* Edd. — 50. *nought shall alter* C. — 53. *Exeunt, save Fabel* L.

SCENE III. 4. *promises by Clare* Edd., corr. by L. — 10. *the other* F and the rest.

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And the old gray-beards now are close together,
Plotting it in the Garden. Is't euen so?
Raymond Mounchensey, boy, haue thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberall Arts,
The Metaphisickes, Magicke, and those parts
Of the most secret deepe Philosophy?
Haue I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower,
And come we backe vnto our natiue home,
For want of skill to lose the wench thou lou'st?
Weele first hang Enfield in such rings of miste
As neuer rose from any dampish fenne:
Ile make the brinde sea to rise at Ware,
And drowne the marshes vnto Stratford bridge;
Ile driue the Deere from Waltham in their walkes,
And scatter them like sheepe in euery field.
We may perhaps be crost; but, if we be,
He shall crosse the Deuill, that but crosses me.

Enter RAYMOND, *yong* IERNINGHAM *and yong* CLARE.

But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad,
And heeres the gallant that must haue the wench.
Y. Ier. I pri'thee, Raymond, leaue these solemne dumps:
Reuiue thy spirits, thou that before hast beene
More watchfull then the day-proclayming Cocke,
As sportiue as a Kid, as francke and merry
As mirth herselfe!
If ought in me may thy content procure,
It is thine owne, thou mayst thy selfe assure.
Ray. Ha, Ierningham, if any but thy selfe
Had spoke that word, it would haue come as cold
As the bleake Northerne winds upon the face
Of winter.

21. *I'll first* L. — *Enuill* most Edd., *Euuill* C, *Enfield* L. — 23. *brinde* to be pronounced *brinèd*; *brinish* FG. — 28. [Stage-dir.] *Enter Raymond and yong Ierningham* most Edd., *and young Clare* only added in FG. — 29. *disconsolant* DE. — 30. *And heere comes the Gallant must haue* EFG. — 31. The prefix *Ier.* om. in ABC. — 40. *wind* C. — 40, 41. As one line in FG. — 41—46. Printed as five lines in L, ending *power* | *thee* | *lips* | *won* | *cannot*.

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From thee they haue some power vpon my blood;
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound
Come from the lips of any liuing man,
It might haue won the credite of mine eare;
From thee it cannot.

Y. Ier. If I vnderstand thee, I am a villain:
What, dost thou speake in Parables to thy friends?

Y. Cla. Come, boy, and make me this same groning loue,
Troubled with stitches and the cough a'th lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a Childe,
And euer since hath shot at hudman-blind,
Make her leape, caper, ierke, and laugh, and sing,
And play me horse-trickes;
Make Cupid wanton as his mothers doue:
But in this sort, boy, I would haue thee loue.

Fab. Why, how now, Mad cap? What, my lusty Franke,
So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this geere in hugger-mugger;
Art thou turnde miser, Rascall, in thy loues?

Y. Ier. Who, I? z'sblood, what should all you see in me, that I should looke like a married man, ha? am I balde? are my legs too little for my hose? If I feele any thing in my forehead, I am a villain. Doe I weare a night-cap? doe I bend in the hams? What dost thou see in mee, that I should be towards marriage, ha?

Y. Cla. What, thou married? let me looke vpon thee, Rogue;

42. *power* a monosyllable here. — *vpon*] *of* EF, *on* GHI. — 48. *friend* G and the rest. — 50. *o'th* D and the rest. — 56. *But, in* Edd. — 61—66. Printed partly as verse in ABC, the lines ending at *in me* | *ha* | *hose* | *I am* | . The rest is printed as prose. In DEFGHI the passage is printed in six lines, divided at *me* | *ha* | *hose* | *villaine* | *hams* | *ha.* If, indeed, the passage is to be considered as verse corrupted into prose, we should perhaps scan it: *Who I?* | *Z'sblood, what should all you see in mee, that I should* | *Looke like a married man? ha, am I balde?* | *Are my legs too little for my hose? If I* | *Feele anything in my forehead, I am* | *A villain; doe I weare a night-cap? doe* | *I bend i' th hams? What doest thou see in mee* | *That I should be towards marriage, ha?* We have thought it best to follow KL and print the whole passage as prose. — 66. *toward* C. — 67—69. Apparently a prose-passage (KL). In ABC divided at *thee* | *how* | *company* | *in* | .

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who has giuen out this of thee? how camst thou into this ill name? What company hast thou bin in, Rascall?

Fab. You are the man, sir, must haue Millescent,
The match is making in the Garden now;
Her ioynture is agreed on, and th' old men,
Your fathers, meane to lanch their busie bags,
But in meane time to thrust Mountchensey off.
For colour of this new intended match,
Faire Millescent to Cheston must be sent,
To take the approbation for a Nun.
Nere looke vpon me, Lad, the match is done.

V. Ier. Raymond Mountchensey, now I touch thy griefe
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for faire and beauteous Millescent,
With my vaine breath I will not seeke to slubber
Her angell-like perfections; but thou know'st
That Essex hath the Saint that I adore.
Where ere did we meete thee and wanton springs,
That like a wag thou hast not laught at me,
And with regardles iesting mockt my loue?
How many a sad and weary summer night
My sighs haue drunke the dew from off the earth,
And I haue taught the Nighting-gale to wake,
And from the meadowes sprung the earely Larke
An houre before she should haue list to sing:
I haue loaded the poore minutes with my moanes,
That I haue made the heauy slow-pasde houres
To hang like heauie clogs vpon the day.
But, deere Mounchensey, had not my affection
Seazde on the beauty of another dame,
Before I'de wrong the chase, and o'regiue th' loue

68. *giuen this out of* BD and the rest. — 69. *ill-name* L. — 73. *pursy bags* G. — 81. *And as for thy fair beauteous* G. — 85—86. *Where ere did'st meete me, but we two were Iouiall,* | *But like a wag* &c. BDE; *Where ere didst meet me, that we two were jovial,* | *But like a wag* &c. F and the rest. — 88. *How*] *Now* ABCDEF; *summer's night* GHIK. — 89. *sights* C. — 90. *And* om. AC. — 91. *spring* AC. — 92. *list*] *rest* AC. — 98. *Before I would vnage the chase, and ouergiue loue* A, *Before I'de wrong the chase, and o'regiue loue* C, *Before I would wrong the chase and leaue the loue* BDEFG, *Before I'ld wrong the chase and leaue the loue* KL.

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Of one so worthy and so true a friend,
I will abiure both beauty and her sight,
And will in loue become a counterfeit.
Ray. Deere Ierningham, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell, where now I sate,
I feele my spirit rebound against the stars:
Thou hast conquerd me, deere friend; in my free soule
Neither time nor death can by their power controule.
Fab. Franke Ierningham, thou art a gallant boy;
And were he not my pupill, I would say
He were as fine a metled Gentleman,
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper
As is in England; and he is a man
That very richly may deserue thy loue.
But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
What may Mounchenseys honour to thy selfe
Exact vpon the measure of thy grace?
Y. Cla. Raymond Mounchensey? I would haue thee know,
He does not breath this ayre,
Whose loue I cherish, and whose soule I loue
More then Mounchenseyes:
Nor euer in my life did see the man
Whom, for his wit and many vertuous parts,
I thinke more worthy of my sisters loue.
But since the matter growes vnto this passe,
I must not seeme to crosse my Fathers will;
But when thou list to visit her by night,
My horses sadled, and the stable doore
Stands ready for thee; vse them at thy pleasure.
In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
And if thou getst her, lad, God giue thee joy!
Ray. Then, care, away! Let fates my fall pretend,
Backt with the fauours of so true a friend!

105. *friend, and my free soul* G. — 106. *Their time or death* AB, *Their time nor death* C, *There time or death* DEF, *Nor time nor death* G, *There time, nor death* HIKL. — 110. *and as* GHI. — 111. Dropped out in A; *As is*] *As any* G. — 117—119. As two lines in L, divided at *cherish.* — 122. *more worthy*] *no more* B. — 126. *horse is sadled* D and the rest. — 130. The prefix *Ray.* wanting in B; *Fate* D and the rest.

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Fab. Let vs alone, to bussell for the set;
For age and craft with wit and Art haue met.
Ile make my spirits to dance such nightly Iigs
Along the way twixt this and Totnam crosse,
The Carriers lades shall cast their heauie packs,
And the strong hedges scarse shall keepe them in:
The Milke-maides Cuts shall turne the wenches off,
And lay the Dossers tumbling in the dust:
The franke and merry London Prentises,
That come for creame and lusty country cheere,
Shall lose their way; and, scrambling in the ditches,
All night shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,
Yet none to other finde the way at all.
Ray. Pursue the proiect, scholler: what we can do
To helpe indeauour, ioyne our liues thereto! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter BANKS, SIR IOHN *and* SMUG.

Banks. Take me with you, good Sir Iohn! A plague on thee, Smug, and thou touchest liquor, thou art founderd straight. What! are your braines alwayes water-milles? must they euer runne round?

Smug. Banks, your ale is a Philistine fox; z' hart, theres fire i'th taile on't; you are a rogue to charge vs with Mugs i'th rereward. A plague of this winde; O, it tickles our Catastrophe.

Sir Io. Neighbour Banks of Waltham, and Goodman Smug, the honest Smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both at Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale houses, they are good both, smart both. Hem, Grasse and hay! we are

133. *haue*] *hath* DEFG. — 134. *sprites* B; *to* om. G; *Iigs* om. C. — 135. *Totnan* C. — 139. *their Dossers* D and the rest. — 143. *hallow* D, *hallo* L. — 144. *Yet*] *And* BDEFG. — 146. *Exeunt* first added in D.

SCENE I. *Scene IV.* Tieck. — 5. *is a*] *is as a* E and the rest; *there* C; *nounes theres* D and the rest. — 6. *taile* : *out* ABC.

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all mortall; lets liue till we die, and be merry; and theres an end.

Banks. Well said, Sir Iohn, you are of the same humor still; and doth the water runne the same way still, boy?

Smug. Vulcan was a rogue to him; Sir Iohn, locke, lock, lock fast, sir Iohn; so, sir Iohn. Ile one of these yeares, when it shall please the Goddesses and the destinies, be drunke in your company; thats all now, and God send vs health. Shall I sweare I loue you?

Sir Io. No oathes, no oaths, good neighbour Smug;
Weel wet our lips together in hugge;
Carrouse in priuate, and eleuate the hart,
And the liuer and the lights, and the lights, marke you me, within vs; for hem, Grasse and hay! we are all mortall, lets liue till we die, and bee Merry, and thers an end.

Banks. But to our former motion about stealing some venison; whither goe we?

Sir Io. Into the forrest, neighbour Banks, into Brians walke, the madde keeper.

Smug. Z' blood! Ile tickle your keeper.

Banks. Yfaith, thou art alwayes drunke when we haue neede of thee.

Smug. Neede of mee? z' hart! you shall haue neede of mee alwayes while theres yron in an Anuill.

Banks. M. Parson, may the Smith goe, thinke you, being in this taking?

Smug. Go? Ile goe in spight of all the belles in Waltham.

Sir Io. The question is, good neighboure Banks — let mee see: the Moone shines to night, — ther's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the forrest, — his braine will be setled ere night; he may go, he may go, neighbour Banks. Now we want none but the company of mine host Blague of the George at Waltham; if he were here, our Consort were full.

13, 26. *we are not yet all* G. — 13. *till he die* B. — 23. *together and hugge* BD and the rest. — 25. *and the lights* only once in EFG. — 31. *madkeeper* H, *mad-keeper* KL. — 32. *Blood* D and the rest. — 35. *hart* D and the rest. — 36. *there is* F and the rest. — 40. *The question is good, neighbour* L. — 42. *will*] *may* BD and the rest. — 44. *Blague at the George* AC. — 45. *our comfort were full.* I.

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Looke where comes my good host, the Duke of Norfolks man! and how? and how? a hem, grasse and hay! wee are not yet mortall; lets liue till we die, and be merry; and ther's an end.

Enter HOST.

Host. Ha, my Castilian dialogues! and art thou in breath stil, boy? Miller, doth the match hold? Smith, I see by thy eyes thou hast bin reading little Geneua print: but wend we merrily to the forrest, to steale some of the kings Deere! Ile meet you at the time apointed. Away, I haue Knights and Colonells at my house, and must tend the Hungarions. If we be scard in the forrest, weele meete in the Church-porch at Enfield; ist Correspondent?

Banks. Tis well; but how, if any of vs should be taken?

Smug. He shall haue ransome, by the Lord.

Host. Tush, the knaue keepers are my bosonians and my pensioners. Nine a clock! be valiant, my little Gogmagogs; Ile fence with all the Iustices in Hartfordshire. Ile haue a Bucke till I die; Ile slay a Doe while I liue. Hold your bow straight and steady! I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Smug. O rare! who, ho, ho, boy!

Sir Io. Peace, neighbor Smug! You see this is a Boore, a Boore of the country, an illiterate Boore, and yet the Cittizen of good fellowes. Come, lets prouide; a hem, Grasse and hay! wee are not yet all mortall; weel liue till we die, and be merry; and theres an end. Come, Smug!

Smug. Good night, Waltham — who, ho, ho, boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakfast againe.

Sir Rich. Nor I for thee, Clare, not of this.
What? hast thou fed me all this while with shalles?
And com'st to tell me now, thou lik'st it not?

48. *let vs liue* F and the rest. — 52. *reading a little* D and the rest. — 55. *Hungarians* F and the rest. — 56. *scatter'd* G. — 59. *ransome by my Sword* D and the rest. — 60. *knaues* D and the rest, except L; *my bonasosis* DEF; *my bona socias* G and the rest. — 66. *is a* om. BD and the rest. — 68. *good-fellows* KL; *lets prouide a hen, grass* most Edd. The mistake is corrected in GKL.

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Sir Ar. I doe not hold thy offer competent;
Nor doe I like th' assurance of thy land,
The title is so brangled with thy debts.
Sir Rich. Too good for thee; and, knight, thou knowest it well,
I fawnd not on thee for thy goods, not I;
Twas thine owne motion; that thy wife doth know.
L. Dor. Husband, it was so; he lies not in that.
Sir Ar. Hold thy chat, queane.
Sir Rich. To which I hearkned willingly, and the rather,
Because I was perswaded it proceeded
From loue thou bor'st to me and to my boy;
And gau'st him free accesse vnto thy house,
Where he hath not behaude him to thy childe,
But as befits a Gentleman to doe:
Nor is my poore distressed state so low,
That Ile shut vp my doores, I warrant thee.
Sir Ar. Let it suffice, Mounchensey, I mislike it;
Nor thinke thy sonne a match fit for my childe.
Sir Rich. I tell thee, Clare, his blood is good and cleere,
As the best drop that panteth in thy veines:
But for this maide, thy faire and vertuous childe,
She is no more disparagd by thy basenes
Then the most orient and the pretious iewell,
Which still retaines his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slaue were owner of the same.
Sir Ar. She is the last is left me to bestow,
And her I meane to dedicate to God.
Sir Rich. You doe, sir?
Sir Ar. Sir, sir, I doe, she is mine owne.
Sir Rich. And pity she is so! [*Aside.*
Damnation dog thee and thy wretched pelfe!
Sir Ar. Not thou, Mounchensey, shalt bestow my childe.
Sir Rich. Neither shouldst thou bestow her where thou mean'st.

SCENE II. *Scene V.* Tieck. — 5. *the assurance* F and the rest; *of thy loue* ABC. — 7, 8. Divided at *knowst it* EFG. — 20, 21. Added to Moun.'s speech in ABC. — 22. *To tell thee* ABC. — 25. *no* om. BDE. — 26. *and most precious* L. — 28. *were the owner* C. — 33. *damnation, dog* Edd.; *pelfe aside* ABC, *aside* a stage-direction in D and the rest. — 35. *shall'st* L.

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Sir Ar. What wilt thou doe?
Sir Rich. No matter, let that bee;
I wil doe that, perhaps, shall anger thee:
Thou hast wrongd my loue, and, by Gods blessed Angell,
Thou shalt well know it.
Sir Ar. Tut, braue not me!
Sir Rich. Braue thee, base Churle! Were't not for man-hood [sake —
I say no more, but that there be some by
Whose blood is hotter then ours is,
Which, being stird, might make vs both repent
This foolish meeting. But, Harry Clare,
Although thy father haue abused my friendship,
Yet I loue thee, I doe, my noble boy,
I doe, yfaith.
L. Dor. I, doe, do,
Fill all the world with talke of vs, man, man;
I neuer lookt for better at your hands.
Fab. I hoped your great experience and your yeeres
Would haue prou'de patience rather to your soule,
Then with this frantique and vntamed passion
To whet their skeens. And, but for that
I hope their friendships are too well confirmd,
And their minds temperd with more kindly heat,
Then for their froward parents soares,
That they should breake forth into publique brawles.
Howere the rough hand of th' vntoward world
Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was loue:
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warme,
Let it die gently; ne're kill it with a scorne.
Ray. O thou base world, how leprous it that soule
That is once lim'd in that polluted mudde!

38. *Gods*] *a* DEFG. — 42. *Whose youthful blood* pres. Edd. conj.; cp. Sh., Rich. II., I. 3. 83: *Rouse up thy youthful blood*, and Rom., II. 5. 12: *Had she affections and warm youthful blood.* — 44. *Raph Clare* ABCDE. — 45. *hath* E and the rest. — 51. *hope* ABC. — 54. *and but that* ABC. — 57. *forward* B; *their forward Parents frowardnesse* DEFGKL, *their froward parent's frowardness* HI. — 59. *the untoward* F and the rest. — 63. *with scorn* L. — 65. *in thy polluted* G.

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Oh, sir Arthur, you haue startled his free actiue spirits
With a too sharpe spur for his minde to beare.
Haue patience, sir; the remedy to woe
Is to leaue what of force we must forgoe.
Mil. And I must take a twelue moneths approbation,
That in meane time this sole and priuate life
At the yeares end may fashion me a wife.
But, sweet Mounchensey, ere this yeare be done,
Thou'st be a frier, if that I be a Nun.
And, father, ere young Ierninghams Ile bee,
I will turne mad to spight both him and thee.
Sir Ar. Wife, come to horse, and, huswife, make you ready;
For, if I liue, I sweare by this good light,
Ile see you lodgde in Chesson house to night. [*Exeunt.*
Sir Rich. Raymond, away! Thou seest how matters fall.
Churle, hell consume thee, and thy pelfe, and all!
Fab. Now, M. Clare, you see how matters fadge;
Your Milliscent must needes be made a Nun.
Well, sir, we are the men must plie this match:
Hold you your peace, and be a looker on,
And send her vnto Chesson where he will;
Ile send mee fellowes of a handfull hie
Into the Cloysters where the Nuns frequent,
Shall make them skip like Does about the Dale,
And make the Lady prioresse of the house
To play at leape-frogge, naked in their smockes,
Untill the merry wenches at their masse
Cry teehee weehee;
And tickling these mad Lasses in their flanckes,
Shall sprawle, and squeake, and pinch their fellow Nunnes.
Be liuely, boyes, before the Wench we lose,
Ile make the Abbas weare the Cannons hose. [*Exeunt.*

66. *spirit* L. — 67. *With too sharp a spur* G. — 69. *what*] *that* D and the rest; *we must of force* FG. — 71. *in the mean* HIKL. — 79. *this night* C; *Exeunt* first in D. — 84. *the match* E and the rest. — 86. *when he will* L. — 90, 91. Divided at *play* in ABC. — 91. *in her smock* GL. — 96. *we'll lose* G.

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SCENE III.

Enter HARRY CLARE, FRANKE IERNINGHAM, PETER FABELL, *and* MILLESCENT.

Y. Cla. Spight now hath done her worst; sister, be patient!
Y. Ier. Forewarnd, poore Raymonds company! O heauen!
When the composure of weake frailtie meete
Vpon this mart of durt, o, then weake loue
Must in hir owne vnhappines be silent,
And winck on all deformities.
Mil. Tis well:
Whers Raymond, Brother? Whers my deere Mounchensey?
Would wee might weepe together and then part;
Our sighing parle would much ease my heart.
Fab. Sweete beautie, fould your sorrowes in the thought
Of future reconcilement. Let your teares
Shew you a woman; but be no farther spent
Then from the eyes; for, sweet, experience sayes
That loue is firme thats flatterd with delayes.
Mil. Alas, sir, thinke you I shall ere be his?
Fab, As sure as parting smiles on future blisse.
Yond comes my friend! See, he hath doted
So long vpon your beautie, that your want
Will with a pale retirement wast his blood;
For in true loue Musicke doth sweetly dwell:
Seuerd, these lesse worlds beare within them hell.

Enter RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY.

Ray. Harry and Francke, you are enioynd to waine
Your friendship from mee; we must part the breath.
Of all aduised corruption pardon mee!
Faith, I must say so; you may thinke I loue you;
I breath not, rougher spight do seuer vs;

SCENE III. *Scene VI.* Tieck. — 2. *company to heauen* ABC. — 3. *meet*[*s*] L. — 9. *parley* BDEFGK; *One sighing parley* L. Pronounce *par'le.* — 12. *be* om. L.; *further* CDEF. — 14. *for, sweet experience* H, *for sweet experience* KL. — 16. *panting* ABC. — 17. *Yonder* C. — 22—24. Printed as prose in ABCDE. — 23, 24. *part the breath Of all a. c., pardon mee.* all Edd. — 24. *of ill advis'd* L. — 26. *Tho' I breathe not, and tho' rough spite do sever us* G; *to sever* L.

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Weele meete by stealth, sweet friends, by stealth you twaine;
Kisses are sweetest got with strugling paine.
Y. Ier. Our friendship dies not Raymond.
Ray. Pardon mee:
I am busied; I haue lost my faculties,
And buried them in Milliscents cleere eyes.
Mil. Alas, sweete Loue, what shall become of me?
I must to Chesson to the Nunery,
I shall nere see thee more.
Ray. How, sweete?
Ile be thy votary, weele often meete:
This kisse diuides vs, and breathes soft adiew, —
This be a double charme to keepe both true.
Fab. Haue done: your fathers may chance spie your parting.
Refuse not you by any meanes, good sweetnes,
To goe vnto the Nunnery; farre from hence
Must wee beget your loues sweete happines.
You shall not stay there long; your harder bed
Shall be more soft when Nun and Maide are dead.

Enter BILBO.

Ray. Now, sirra, whats the matter?
Bil. Marry, you must to horse presently; that villanous old gowty churle, Sir Arthur Clare, longs till he bee at the Nunry.
Y. Cla. How, sir?
Bil. O, I cry you mercy, he is your father, sir, indeed; but I am sure that theres lesse affinitie betwixt your two natures then there is betweene a broker and a Cutpurse.
Ray. Bring my gelding, sirra.
Bil. Well, nothing greeues me, but for the poore wench; she must now cry *vale* to Lobster pies, hartichokes, and all such meates of mortalitie; poore gentlewoman, the signe must

27. *by steale* ABC; *friend* most Edd., *friends* only FG. — 28. *with*] *by* D and the rest. — 39. *Refuse you not* EFG. — 40. *vnto*] *into* G and the rest; *farre*] *for* D and the rest. — 46. *Sir Richard Clare* all Edd. — 49. The prefix *Bil.* om. ABCDE; *sir* om. CHI. — 50. *betweene* C. — 52. *Bring me my* F and the rest.

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not be in *Virgo* any longer with her, and that me grieues ful wel.

Poor Milliscent
Must pray and repent:
O fatalle wonder!
Sheele now be no fatter,
Loue must not come at her,
Yet she shall be kept vnder. [*Exit.*

Y. Ier. Farewell, deere Raymond.
Y. Cla. Friend, adew.
Mil. Deere sweete,
No ioy enioyes my hearte till wee next meete. [*Exeunt.*

Fab. Well, Raymond, now the tide of discontent
Beats in thy face; but, er't be long, the wind
Shall turne the flood. Wee must to Waltham Abby,
And as faire Milliscent in Cheston liues,
A most vnwilling Nun, so thou shalt there
Become a beardles Nouice; to what end,
Let time and future accidents declare:
Tast thou my sleights, thy loue Ile onely share.

Ray. Turne frier? Come, my good Counsellor, lets goe,
Yet that disguise will hardly shrowd my woe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter the Prioresse of Cheston, with a Nun or two, SIR ARTHUR CLARE, SIR RALPH IERNINGHAM, HENRY *and* FRANCKE, *the Lady, and* BILBO, *with* MILLISCENT.

L. Dor. Madam,
The loue vnto this holy Sister-hood,
And our confirmd opinion of your zeale
Hath truely wonne vs to bestow our Childe
Rather on this then any neighbouring Cell.

Pri. Iesus, Daughter Maries childe,

56. *grieues fall well* BC; *grieues*; *farewell* D and the rest. — 65. *Now ioy* B. — 69. *Chesson* DE. — 72. *future*] *further* F, *farther* G.

SCENE I. *Scene VII.* Tieck. — 6. *Jesus' Daughter, Mary's Child,* L.

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Holy Matron, woman milde,
For thee a masse shall still be sayd,
Euery Sister drop a bead;
And those again succeeding them
For you shall sing a Requiem.

V. Ier. The wench is gone, Harry; she is no more a woman of this world. Marke her well, shee lookes like a Nun already. What thinkst on her?

V. Cla. By my faith, her face comes handsomly to 't. But peace, lets heare the rest.

Sir Ar. Madam, for a twelue-months approbation,
Wee meane to make this triall of our childe.
Your care and our deere blessing, in meane time,
Wee pray, may prosper this intended worke.

Pri. May your happie soule be blithe,
That so truely pay your Tithe:
He who many children gaue,
Tis fit that he one child should haue.
Then, faire Virgin, heare my spell,
For I must your duty tell.

Mil. Good men and true, stand together, and heare your charge!

Pri. First, a mornings take your booke,
The glasse wherein your selfe must looke;
Your young thoughts, so proud and iolly,
Must be turnd to motions holy;
For your buske, attires, and toyes
Haue your thoughts on heauenly ioyes;
And for all your follies past
You must doe penance, pray, and fast.

Bil. Let her take heed of fasting; and if euer she hurt her selfe with praying, Ile nere trust beast.

Mil. This goes hard, berladye!

Pri. You shal ring the sacring Bell,
Keepe your howers, and toll your knell,
Rise ad midnight to your Mattins,

11. *riug* A, *ring* B. — 18. *this*] *the* EFG. — 21. *happie* om. EFG. — 23. *He that* D and the rest. — 32. *busk attires* KL. — 39. *sacring*] *sauing* A. — 40. *tell* all Edd. except L.

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Read your Psalter, sing your Lattins,
And when your blood shall kindle pleasure,
Scourge your selfe in plenteous measure.

Mil. Worse and worse, by Saint Mary!

Y. Ier. Sirra Hal, how does she hold her countenance? Wel, goe thy wayes, if euer thou proue a Nunne, Ile build an Abby.

Y. Cla. She may be a Nun; but if euer shee prooue an Anchoresse, Ile dig her graue with my nailes.

Y. Ier. To her againe, mother!

Y. Cla. Hold thine owne, wench!

Pri. You must read the mornings Masse,
You must creepe vnto the Crosse,
Put cold Ashes on your head,
Haue a Haire-cloth for your bed.

Bil. She had rather haue a man in her bed.

Pri. Bid your beads, and tell your needs,
Your holy *Auies*, and your Creedes;
Holy maide, this must be done,
If you meane to liue a Nun.

Mil. The holy maide will be no Nun.

Sir Ar. Madam, we haue some busines of import,
And must be gone.
Wilt please you take my wife into your closet,
Who further will acquaint you with my mind;
And so, good madam, for this time Adiew. [*Exeunt women.*

Sir Raph. Well now, Francke Ierningham, how sayest thou?
To be briefe, —
What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,
Her father and my selfe, can bring about,
That we conuert this Nun to be a wife,
And thou the husband to this pretty Nun?
How then, my Lad? ha, Francke, it may be done.

Y. Cla. I, now it workes.

Y. Ier. O God, sir, you amaze mee at your words;

53. *morning masse* B and the rest. — 58. *Bind your beads* all Edd. — 66. *farther* G and the rest. — 68. *Francke Clare* ABCDE; printed as two lines in HIKL, the first ending at *thou*. — 70. *Thy father* ABCDE. — 75. *words* om. K.

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Thinke with your selfe, Sir, what a thing it were
To cause a Recluse to remoue her vow:
A maymed, contrite, and repentant soule,
Euer mortified with fasting and with prayer,
Whose thoughts, euen as hir eyes, are fixd on heauen,
To drawe a virgin, thus deuour'd with zeale,
Backe to the world: O impious deede!
Nor by the Canon Law can it be done
Without a dispensation from the Church;
Besides, she is so prone vnto this life,
As sheele euen shreeke to heare a husband namde.
Bil. I, a poore innocent shee! Well, heres no knauery; hee flowts the old fooles to their teeth.
Sir Raph. Boy, I am glad to heare
Thou mak'st such scruple of that conscience;
And in a man so young as is your selfe,
I promise you tis very seldome seene.
But Franke, this is a tricke, a meere deuise,
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and my selfe,
To thrust Mounchenseyes nose besides the cushion;
That, being thus debard of all accesse,
Time yet may worke him from her thoughts,
And giue thee ample scope to thy desires.
Bil. A plague on you both for a couple of Iewes!
Y. Cla. How now, Franke, what say you to that?
Y. Ier. Let me alone, I warrant thee.
Sir,
Assurde that this motion doth proceede
From your most kinde and fatherly affection,
I do dispose my liking to your pleasure:
But for it is a matter of such moment
As holy marriage, I must craue thus much,
To haue some conference with my ghostly father,
Frier Hildersham, here by, at Waltham Abby,

77. *renounce* GHI. — 78. *maymed*] *sainted* L. — 81. *deuout* D and the rest. — 87. *innocent, she* L. — 90. *of thy conscience* L. — 93. *is* om. B. — 94. Scan: *A sleight | plott(ed) 'twixt | her fath | er* etc. — 95. *beside* BCDEKL. — 102. *Sir* placed in a separate line by the pres. Edd. — 103. *Assurde* to be pronounced as a trisyllable.

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To be absolude of things, that it is fit
None only but my confessor should know.
Sir Raph. With all my heart. He is a reuerend man;
And to morrow-morning wee will meet all at the Abby,
Where by th' opinion of that reuerend man
Wee will proceede; I like it passing well.
Till then we part, boy; I thinke of it; farewell!
A parents care no mortall tongue can tell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARE, *and* RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, *like a Frier.*

Sir Ar. Holy yong Nouice, I haue told you now
My full intent, and doe refer the rest
To your professed secrecy and care:
And see,
Our serious speech hath stolne vpon the way,
That we are come vnto the Abby gate.
Because I know Mountchensey is a foxe,
That craftily doth ouerlooke my doings,
Ile not be seene, not I; tush, I haue done,
I had a Daughter, but shee's now a Nun.
Farewell, deere sonne, farewell. [*Exit.*
Ray. Fare you well! — I, you haue done!
Your daughter, sir, shall not be long a Nun.
O my rare Tutor, neuer mortall braine
Plotted out such a masse of pollicie;
And my deere bosome is so great with laughter,
Begot by his simplicity and error,
My soule is fallen in labour with her ioy.
O my true friends, Franke Ierningham and Clare,
Did you now know but how this iest takes fire —

112—117 wrongly given to *Sir Arthur* in ABCDE. — 112—114. Printed as prose in Edd., only L divides the lines at *man* | *abbey* | *man* | . — 112. *hees* BCDE. — 114. *the opinion* F and the rest. — 116. *boy. Ay, think* L. — 117. *Exeunt* om. FG.

SCENE II. *Scene VIII.* Tieck. — 10. *she is* G. — 11. *deere onne* B, *deare one* C. — 15. *masse*] *plot* DEHIK, *piece* FG, *mesh* L. — 18. *in* om. B. — 19. *true* om. E and the rest. — 20. *Did you but know, but how* D and the rest, except G: *Did you but know, how this.*

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That good sir Arthur, thinking me a Nouice,
Had euen powrd himselfe into my bosome,
O, you would vent your spleenes with tickling mirth!
But, Raymond, peace, and haue an eye about,
For feare perhaps some of the Nuns looke out.
Peace and charity within,
Neuer toucht with deadly sin;
I cast my holy water pure
On this wall and on this doore,
That from euill shall defend,
And keepe you from the vgly fiend:
Euill spirit, by night nor day,
Shall approch or come this way;
Elfe nor Fairy, by this grace,
Day nor night shall haunt this place.
Holy maidens! [*Knocke.*
[*Answere within.*] Who's that which knocks? ha, who is there?

Ray. Gentle Nun, here is a Frier.

Enter NUN.

Nun. A Frier without, now Christ vs saue!
Holy man, what wouldst thou haue?

Ray. Holy Mayde, I hither come
From Frier and Father Hildersome,
By the fauour and the grace
Of the Prioresse of this place
Amongst you all to visit one
That's come for approbation;
Before she was as now you are,
The Daughter of Sir Arthur Clare,
But since she now became a Nun,
Call'd Milliscent of Edmunton.

Nun. Holy man, repose you there;
This newes Ile to our Abbas beare,
To tell her what a man is sent,
And your message and intent.

28. *my* om. D and the rest; *water poore* ABCDE. — 32. *Spright* D and the rest. — 36. *Holy maidens knocke,* printed as stage-dir. in ABCDEF, first printed as part of Mounchensey's speech in G. — 53. *her* only in CGL.

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Ray. Benedicite.
Nun. Benedicite. [*Exit.*
Ray. Doe, my good plumpe wench; if all fall right,
Ile make your sister-hood one lesse by night.
Now happy fortune speede this merry drift,
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

Enter LADY *and* MILLISCENT.

L. Dor. Haue Friers recourse then to the house of Nuns?
Mil. Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any Virgin comes for approbation, —
Lest that for feare or such sinister practise
Shee should be forcde to vndergoe this vaile,
Which should proceed from conscience and deuotion, —
A visitor is sent from Waltham house,
To take the true confession of the maide.
L. Dor. Is that the order? I commend it well:
You to your shrift, Ile backe vnto the Cell. [*Exit.*
Ray. Life of my soule! bright Angel!
Mil. What meanes the Frier?
Ray. O Milliscent, tis I.
Mil. My heart misgiues me; I should know that voyce.
You? who are you? the holy virgin blesse me!
Tell me your name: you shall, ere you confesse me.
Ray. Mountchensey, thy true friend.
Mil. My Raymond, my deere heart!
Sweete life, giue leaue to my distracted soule,
To wake a little from this swoone of joy.
By what meanes camst thou to assume this shape?
Ray. By meanes of Peter Fabell, my kind Tutor,
Who in the habite of Frier Hildersham,
Franke Ierninghams old friend and confessor,
Plotted by Francke, by Harry and my selfe,
And so deliuered to Sir Arthur Clare,
Who brought me heere vnto the Abby gate,
To be his Nun-made daughters visitor.

60. [Stage-dir.] *Enter Lady, Milliscent* ABC. — 64. *feare of some sinister* C. — 84. *by Fabell and* all Edd.

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Mil. You are all sweete traytors to my poore old father.
O my deere life! I was a dream't to night
That, as I was a-praying in mine Psalter,
There came a spirit vnto me as I kneeld,
And by his strong perswasions tempted me
To leaue this Nunry; and methought
He came in the most glorious Angell-shape,
That mortall eye did euer looke vpon.
Ha, thou art sure that spirit, for theres no forme
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine owne.
Ray. O thou Idolatresse, that dost this worship
To him whose likenes is but praise of thee!
Thou bright vnsetting star, which through this vaile,
For very enuy, mak'st the Sun looke pale!
Mil. Well, Visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
Should thinke the Frier too strict in his decrees,
I this confesse to my sweet ghostly father:
If chast pure loue be sin, I must confesse,
I haue offended three yeares now with thee.
Ray. But doe you yet repent you of the same?
Mil. Yfaith, I cannot.
Ray. Nor will I absolue thee
Of that sweete sin, though it be venial;
Yet haue the pennance of a thousand kisses,
And I enioyne you to this pilgrimage:
That in the euening you bestow your selfe
Heere in the walke neere to the willow ground,
Where Ile be ready both with men and horse
To waite your comming, and conuey you hence
Vnto a lodge I haue in Enfield chase.
No more replie, if that you yeeld consent —
I see more eyes vpon our stay are bent.
Mil. Sweete life, farewell! Tis done: let that suffice;
What my tongue failes, I send thee by mine eyes. [*Exit.*

Enter FABELL, CLARE, *and* IERNINGHAM.

Y. Ier. Now, Visitor, how does this new made Nun?

89. *a dreaming* G. — 90. *was praying* B and the rest; *in my Psalter* CE and the rest. — 94. *Angell-shape.* The hyphen added by L.

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Y. Cla. Come, come, how does she, noble Capouchin?

Ray. She may be poore in spirit, but for the flesh,
Tis fatte and plumpe, boyes. Ah, rogues, there is
A company of girles would turn you all Friers.

Fab. But how, Mountchensey, how, lad, for the wench?

Ray. Sounds, lads, yfaith, I thanke my holy habit,
I haue confest her, and the Lady Prioresse
Hath giuen me ghostly counsell with her blessing.
And how say yee, boyes,
If I be chose the weekely visitor?

Y. Cla. Z'blood, sheel haue nere a Nun vnbagd to sing masse then.

Y. Ier. The Abbot of Waltham will haue as many Children to put to nurse as he has calues in the Marsh.

Ray. Well, to be breefe, the Nun will soone at night turne tippit; if I can but deuise to quit her cleanly of the Nunry, she is mine owne.

Fab. But, Sirra Raymond,
What newes of Peter Fabel at the house?

Ray. Tush, hees the onely man;
A Necromancer and a Coniurer
That workes for yong Mountchensey altogether;
And if it be not for Fryer Benedicke,
That he can crosse him by his learned skill,
The Wench is gone;
Fabell will fetch her out by very magicke.

Fab. Stands the winde there, boy? Keepe them in that key,
The wench is ours before to-morrow day.
Well, Harry and Franke, as ye are gentlemen,
Sticke to vs close this once! You know your fathers
Haue men and horse lie ready still at Chesson,

123—125. Printed as two lines, the first ending at *boyes* in most Edd., first set right in K. — 125. *you Friers all.* pres. Edd. conj. — 127. *Sound* ABC. — 128, 129. Printed as prose in ABCDE. — 132. *Blood* D and the rest. — 134. *Waltham-house will* BC. — 136, 137. *turne tippet* most Edd., *tippet* first in K. — 137. *can* om. C. — 139—147. Printed as prose in Edd. — 141. *he is* F and the rest. — 145. *him by* om. C. — 148. *keeps* C. — 150—158. Printed as prose in most Edd., printed as verse in KL. — 150. *Raph and Franke* ABCDE.

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To watch the coast be cleere, to scowt about,
And haue an eye vnto Mountchenseys walks:
Therfore you two may houer thereabouts,
And no man will suspect you for the matter;
Be ready but to take her at our hands,
Leaue vs to scamble for hir getting out.
Y. Ier. Z'bloud, if al Herford-shire were at our heeles,
Weele carry her away in spight of them.
Y. Cla. But whither, Raymond?
Ray. To Brians vpper lodge in Enfield Chase;
He is mine honest Friend and a tall keeper;
Ile send my man vnto him presently
T' acquaint him with your comminge and intent.
Fab. Be breefe and secret!
Ray. Soon at night remember
You bring your horses to the willow ground.
Y. Ier. Tis done; no more!
Y. Cla. We will not faile the hower.
My life and fortune now lies in your power.
Fab. About our busines! Raymond, lets away!
Thinke of your hower; it drawes well of the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter BLAGUE, BANKS, SMUG, *and* SIR IOHN.

Host. Come, yee Hungarian pilchers, we are once more come vnder the *zona torrida* of the forrest. Lets be resolute, lets flie to and againe; and if the deuill come, weele put him to his Interogatories, and not budge a foote. What? s' foote, ile put fire into you, yee shall all three serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

154. *Mountchensey walks* A, *Mountchenseys walke* C. — 157. *at your hands* C. — 158. *to scramble* G. — 159, 160. Printed as prose in all Edd. — 159. *Blood* D and the rest. — 162—165. Printed generally as prose, as verse only in KL. — 163. *tall-keeper* K. — 165. *to acquaint* D and the rest. — 169. *lie* L. — 171. [Stage-dir.] *Exit.* ABC.

SCENE I. *Scene IX.* Tieck. — 3. *if* om. D and the rest. — 4. *What? foote* D and the rest.

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Smug. Mine host, my bully, my pretious consull, my noble Holefernes, I haue bin drunke i' thy house twenty times and ten, all's one for that: I was last night in the third heauens, my braine was poore, it had yest in 't; but now I am a man of action; is 't not so, lad?

Banks. Why, now thou hast two of the liberall sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou maist serue the Duke of Europe.

Smug. I will serue the Duke of Christendom, and doe him more credit in his celler then all the plate in his buttery; is 't not so, lad?

Sir Io. Mine host and Smug, stand there; Banks, you and your horse keepe together; but lie close, shew no trickes, for feare of the keeper. If we be scard, weele meete in the Church -porch at Enfield.

Smug. Content, sir Iohn.

Banks. Smug, dost not thou remember the tree thou fellst out of last night?

Smug. Tush, and 't had bin as high as the Abby, I should nere haue hurt my selfe; I haue fallen into the riuer, comming home from Waltham, and scapt drowning.

Sir Io. Come, seuer, feare no spirits! Weele haue a Bucke presently; we haue watched later then this for a Doe, mine Host.

Host. Thou speakst as true as veluet.

Sir Io. Why then, come! Grasse and hay, &c. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CLARE, IERNINGHAM *and* MILLESCENT.

Y. Cla. Franke Ierningham!

Y. Ier. Speake softly, rogue; how now?

Y. Cla. S' foot, we shall lose our way, its so darke; whereabouts are we?

Y. Ier. Why, man, at Potters gate; the way lies right: hearke! the clocke strikes at Enfield; whats the houre?

8. *i' th house* C, *in thy houſe* E and the rest. — 9. *heauen* D and the rest. — 12—14. Given to *Bil.* in ABC; corr. in D. — 17. *so, lad* om. C. — 20. *in*] *at* C. — 25. The prefix *Smug* om. C; *the*] *an* BD and the rest. — 26. *I* om. D. — 28. *feare*] *eare* A. — 37. *Potters*] *Poiters* BDEF, *Porter's* GHIKL.

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Y. Cla. Ten, the bell sayes.

Y. Ier. A lies in's throate, it was but eight when we set out of Cheston. Sir Iohn and his Sexton are at ale to night, the clocke runs at random.

Y. Cla. Nay, as sure as thou liu'st, the villanous vicar is abroad in the Chase this darke night: the stone Priest steales more venison then halfe the country.

Y. Ier. Milliscent, how dost thou?

Mil. Sir, very well.
I would to God we were at Brians Lodge.

Y. Cla. We shall anon; z'ounds, harke! what meanes this noyse?

Y. Ier. Stay, I heere horsemen.

Y. Cla. I heare footmen too.

Y. Ier. Nay, then I haue it: we haue bin discouerd,
And we are followed by our fathers men.

Mil. Brother and friend, alas, what shall we doe?

Y. Cla. Sister, speake softly, or we are descride.
They are hard vpon vs, what so ere they be;
Shadow your selfe behind this brake of ferne,
Weele get into the wood, and let them passe.

Enter SIR IOHN, BLAGUE, SMUG, *and* BANKS, *one after another.*

Sir Io. Grasse and hay! wee are all mortall; the keeper's abroad, and there's an end.

Banks. Sir Iohn!

Sir Io. Neighbour Bankes, what newes?

Banks. Z'wounds, Sir Iohn, the keepers are abroad; I was hard by 'am.

Sir Io. Grasse and hay! wher's mine host Blague?

Host. Here, Metrapolitane. The Philistines are vpon vs, be silent; let vs serue the good Duke of Norfolke. But where is Smug?

Smug. Here; a poxe on yee all, dogs; I haue kild the greatest Bucke in Brians walke. Shift for your selues, all the keepers are vp. Lets meete in Enfield Church porch; away, we are all taken els. [*Exeunt.*

40. *A lie in's* G, *A lie's in's* HIKL. — 41. *at their Ale* D and the rest. — 46. *Milliscent, now dost* L. — 48, 73. *z'ounds*] *nounes* D and the rest. — 48. Two lines in Edd., divided at *harke.* — 56. *Enter*] *Exeunt* B.

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Enter BRIAN, *with* RAPH, *his man, and his hound.*

Bri. Raph, hearst thou any stirring?

Raph. I heard one speake here hard by, in the bottome. Peace, Maister, speake low; zownes, if I did not heare a bow goe off, and the Bucke bray, I neuer heard deere in my life.

Bri. When went your fellowes out into their walks?

Raph. An hower agoe.

Bri. S' life, is there stealers abroad, and they cannot heare Of them: where the deuill are my men to night? Sirra, goe vp the wind towards Buckleys lodge! Ile cast about the bottome with my hound, And I will meete thee vnder Cony oke.

Raph. I will, Sir.

Bri. How now? by the masse, my hound stayes vpon some-Harke, harke, Bowman, harke, harke, there! [thing;

Mil. Brother, Franke Ierningham, brother Clare!

Bri. Peace; thats a womans voyce! Stand! who's there? Stand, or Ile shoote.

Mil. O Lord! hold your hands, I meane no harme, sir.

Bri. Speake, who are you?

Mil. I am a maid, sir; who? M. Brian?

Bri. The very same; sure, I should know her voyce; Mistris Milliscent?

Mil. I, it is I, sir.

Bri. God for his passion! what make you here alone? I lookd for you at my lodge an hower agoe. What meanes your company to leaue you thus? Who brought you hither?

Mil. My brother, Sir, and M. Ierningham, Who, hearing folks about vs in the Chase, Feard it had bin sir Raph and my father,

77. In C this line (*Bri. S' life .... of*) has been erroneously placed between ll. 74 and 75. — *Life* D and the rest, *they*] *wee* E and the rest. — 79. *vp the*] *up and* G and the rest; *toward* BD and the rest. — 78. *Of them* put in a separate line in L. — 86. *that a* GHKL. — 90. *Master Brian?* D and the rest. — 96. *your*] *you* E. — 97. *Master Ierningham* D and the rest. — 99, 100. *Chase, and fearing it had* G; *sir Arthur and my father* ABCDE, *sir Raph and m. f.* FG, *Sir Arthur, my father,* HIKL; *feard* pron. *fearèd.* The metre would be smoothed by transposing *bin my father and sir Raph.*

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Who had pursude vs, thus dispearsed our selues,
Till they were past vs.

Bri. But where be they?

Mil. They be not farre off, here about the groue.

Enter CLARE *and* IERNINGHAM.

Y. Cla. Be not afraid! man, I heard Brians tongue,
Thats certain.

Y. Ier. Call softly for your sister.

Y. Cla. Milliscent!

Mil. I, brother, heere.

Bri. M. Clare!

Y. Cla. I told you it was Brian.

Bri. Whoes that? M. Ierningham, you are a couple of hot-shots; does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to grasse at this time of night?

Y. Ier. We heard a noyse about here in the Chase,
And fearing that our fathers had pursude vs,
Seuerd our selues.

Y. Cla. Brian, how hapd'st thou on her?

Bri. Seeking for stealers are abroad to night,
My hound staied on her, and so found her out.

Y. Cla. They were these stealers that affrighted vs;
I was hard vpon them, when they horst their Deere,
And I perceiue they tooke me for a keeper.

Bri. Which way tooke they?

Y. Ier. Towards Enfield.

Bri. A plague vpon 't, thats that damned Priest, and Blague of the George — he that serues the good Duke of Norfolke.

A noyse within: Follow, follow, follow.

Y. Cla. Peace, thats my fathers voyce.

Bri. Z'ownds, you suspected them, and now they are heere indeed.

Mil. Alas, what shall we doe?

101. *vs, and thus* L. — 105. *I hear* L. — 110. *Master Clare* D and the rest. — 112. *Who is that* F and the rest; *Master I.* D and the rest. — 115. *here*] *her* ABC, *vs* D and the rest. — 117. *hapnedst* BDEFG, *happedst* L. — 118. *stealers that are* G and the rest. — 125. *that's the damnd* E and the rest. — 129. *Nownes* D and the rest; *you haue suspected* EFG.

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Bri. If you goe to the lodge, you are surely taken;
Strike downe the wood to Enfield presently,
And if Mounchensey come, Ile send him t'yee.
Let mee alone to bussle with your Fathers;
I warrant you that I will keepe them play
Till you haue quit the Chase; away, away! [*Exeunt all but* BRIAN.
Whoes there?

Enter the Knights.

Sir Raph. In the kings name, pursue the Rauisher!
Bri. Stand, or Ile shoote.
Sir Ar. Whoes there?
Bri. I am the keeper that doe charge you stand;
You haue stollen my Deere.
Sir Ar. We stolne thy Deere? we doe pursue a thiefe.
Bri. You are arrant theeues, and ye haue stolne my Deere.
Sir Raph. We are Knights; Sir Arthur Clare, and Sir Raph [Ierningham.
Bri. The more your shame, that Knights should bee such [thieues.
Sir Ar. Who, or what art thou?
Bri. My name is Brian, keeper of this walke.
Sir Raph. O Brian, a villain!
Thou hast receiu'd my Daughter to thy Lodge.
Bri. You haue stolne the best Deere in my walke to night.
My Deere!
Sir Ar. My daughter!
Stop not my way!
Bri. What make you in my walke?
You haue stolne the best Bucke in my walke to night.
Sir Ar. My Daughter!
Bri. My Deere!
Sir Raph. Where is Mountchensey?
Bri. Wheres my Bucke?
Sir Ar. I will complaine me of thee to the king.

131. The prefix *Bri.* om. B. — 133. *to you* F and the rest. — 134. *Father* ABCDE. — 135. *Keepe him play* C. — 136. Stage-direction added by the present Edd. — 137. [Stage-dir.] *Enter the knight* B, *Enter the two knights* C. — 151, 152. One line in Edd. — 153, 154 (*My ... way*). One line in Edd. — 154, 155. (*What .. night*) printed as prose in Edd. — 159. *Where is my* L.

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Bri. Ile complaine vnto the king you spoile his game:
Tis strange that men of your account and calling
Will offer it!
I tell you true, Sir Arthur and Sir Raph,
That none but you haue onely spoild my game.
Sir Ar. I charge you, stop vs not!
Bri. I charge you both ye get out of my ground!
Is this a time for such as you,
Men of your place and of your grauity,
To be abroad a-theeuing? Tis a shame;
And, afore God, if I had shot at you,
I had serude you well enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter BANKS THE MILLER, *wet on his legges.*

Banks. S' foote, heeres a darke night indeed! I thinke I haue bin in fifteene ditches betweene this and the forrest. Soft, heers Enfield Church: I am so wet with climing ouer into an orchard for to steale some filberts. Well, heere Ile sit in the Church porch, and wait for the rest of my consort.

Enter the Sexton.

Sex. Heeres a skye as blacke as Lucifer, God blesse vs! Heere was goodman Theophilus buried; hee was the best Nutcracker that euer dwelt in Enfield. Well, tis 9. a clock, tis time to ring curfew. Lord blesse vs, what a white thing is that in the Church porch! O Lord, my legges are too weake for my body, my haire is too stiffe for my night-cap, my heart failes; this is the ghost of Theophilus. O Lord, it followes me! I cannot say my prayers, and one would giue me a thousand pound. Good spirit, I haue bowld and drunke and followed the hounds with you a thousand

161—165, 167—172. Printed as prose in Edd. — 167. *ye* om. BD and the rest. — 169. *Men of place* most Edd., *men of your place and of your grauity* G, *men of place and grauity* C. — 172. *Exeunt* om. ABC.

SCENE II. *Scene X.* Tieck. — 1. *Foote* D and the rest; *darke*] *blacke* C. — 6. *consorts* BD and the rest. — *Enter Sexton and Priest.* G. — 9. *in England* L. — 10. *what white* BC. — 15. *me thousand* C.

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times, though I haue not the spirit now to deale with you. O Lord!

Enter Priest.

Sir Io. Grasse and hay! we are all mortall. Who's there?

Sex. We are grasse and hay indeede; I know you to bee Master Parson by your phrase.

Sir Io. Sexton!

Sex. I, Sir!

Sir Io. For mortalities sake, whats the matter?

Sex. O Lord, I am a man of another element; Maister Theophilus Ghost is in the Church porch. There was a hundred Cats, all fire, dancing here euen now, and they are clombe vp to the top of the steeple; ile not into the bellfree for a world.

Sir Io. O good Salomon; I haue bin about a deede of darknes to night: O Lord, I saw fifteen spirits in the forrest, like white bulles; if I lye, I am an arrant theefe: mortalitie haunts vs — grasse and hay! the deuills at our heeles, and lets hence to the parsonage. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Miller comes out very softly.*

Banks. What noise was that? Tis the watch, sure; that villanous vnlucky rogue, Smug, is taine, vpon my life; and then all our villeny comes out; I heard one cry, sure.

Enter HOST BLAGUE.

Host. If I go steale any more veneson, I am a Paradox! S'foot, I can scarce beare the sinne of my flesh in the day, tis so heauy; if I turne not honest, and serue the good Duke of Norfolke, as true mareterraneum skinker should doe, let me neuer looke higher then the element of a Constable.

Banks. By the Lord, there are some watchmen; I heare them name Maister Constable; I would to God my Mill were an Eunuch, and wanted her stones, so I were hence.

Host. Who's there?

26. *an hundred* F and the rest. — 27. *here* om. BD and the rest. — 30. *O goodman Salomon* EF, *O goodman Solomon* GHIKL. — 34. *parsonages* ABC. — 37. *villeny*] *knauerie* D and the rest. — 39. *Foot* D and the rest. — 41. *as a true* D and the rest; *skinner* EFG. — 43. *By the masse* D and the rest. — 44. *to God* om. D and the rest.

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Banks. Tis the Constable, by this light; Ile steale hence, and if I can meete mine Host Blague, ile tell him how Smug is taine, and will him to looke to himselfe. [*Exit.*

Host. What the deuill is that white thing? this same is a Church-yard, and I haue heard that ghosts and villenous goblins haue beene seene here.

Enter Sexton and Priest.

Sir Io. Grasse and hay! O, that I could coniure! wee saw a spirite here in the Church-yard; and in the fallow field ther's the deuill with a mans body vpon his backe in a white sheet.

Sex. It may be a womans body, Sir Iohn.

Sir Io. If shee be a woman, the sheets damne her; Lord blesse vs, what a night of mortalitie is this!

Host. Priest!

Sir Io. Mine host!

Host. Did you not see a spirit all in white crosse you at the stile?

Sex. O no, mine host; but there sate one in the porch; I haue not breath ynough left to blesse me from the Deuill.

Host. Whoes that?

Sir Io. The Sexton, almost frighted out of his wits. Did you see Banks or Smug?

Host. No, they are gone to Waltham, sure. I would faine hence; come, lets to my house: Ile nere serue the Duke of Norfolk in this fashion againe whilst I breath. If the deuill be amongst vs, tis time to hoist saile, and cry roomer. Keepe together; Sexton, thou art secret, what? Lets be comfortable one to another.

Sir Io. We are all mortall, mine host.

Host. True; and Ile serue God in the night hereafter afore the Duke of Norfolke. [*Exeunt.*

57. *Lord* om. DEFG. — 63, 64. Assigned to the *Priest* in ABC. — 66. *frightened* L. — 67. *Bank* BC. — 71. *among* L. — 76. *Exeunt* om. FG.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARE *and* SIR RAPH IERNINGHAM, *trussing their points as new vp.*

Sir Raph. Good morrow, gentle knight.
A happy day after your short nights rest!
Sir Ar. Ha, ha, sir Raph, stirring so soone indeed?
Birlady, sir, rest would haue done right well;
Our riding late last night has made me drowsie.
Goe to, goe to, those dayes are gone with vs.
Sir Raph. Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, care go with those dayes,
Let 'am euen goe together, let 'am goe!
Tis time, yfaith, that wee were in our graues,
When children leaue obedience to their Parents,
When there's no feare of God, no care, no dutie.
Well, well, nay, nay, it shall not doe, it shall not;
No, Mountchensey, thou'lt heare on't, thou shalt,
Thou shalt yfaith!
Ile hang thy son, if there be law in England.
A mans Child rauisht from a Nunry!
This is rare!
Well, well, ther's one gone for Frier Hildersham.
Sir Ar. Nay, gentle knight, do not vexe thus,
It will but hurt your health.
You cannot greeue more then I doe, but to what end? But harke you, Sir Raph, I was about to say somthing — it makes no matter. But hearke you in your eare: the Frier's a knaue; but God forgiue me, a man cannot tell neither; s' foot, I am so out of patience, I know not what to say.
Sir Raph. Ther's one went for the Frier an hower agoe. Comes he not yet? s'foot, if I doe find knauery unders cowle,

SCENE I. *Scene XI.* Tieck. — [Stage-dir.] *Enter Sir Raph Clare and Sir Arthur Ierningham* ABCDE. — 12. One *nay* om. BD and the rest. — 13. *thou'st* Edd., *thou'lt* L. — 14, 15 and 17, 18. One line in Edd., in L 13—18 printed as four lines, ending at *son* | *child* | *rare* | *Hildersham.* — 18. *well* only once in E and the rest. — 20. *hurt your heate* BDEHIKL, *hurt your heart* C, *hurt you heat* F, *hurt you, heat;* G. — 27. *foote* DEFG.

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Ile tickle him, Ile firke him. Here, here, hee's here, hee's here. Good morrow, Frier; good morrow, gentle Frier.

Enter HILDERSHAM.

Sir Ar. Good morrow, Father Hildersham, good morrow.

Hil. Good morrow, reuerend Knights, vnto you both.

Sir Ar. Father, how now? you heare how matters goe;
I am vndone, my Childe ist cast away.
You did your best, at least I thinke the best;
But we are all crost; flatly, all is dasht.

Hil. Alas, good knights, how might the matter be?
Let mee vnderstand your greefe for Charity.

Sir Ar. Who does not vnderstand my griefes? Alas, alas!
And yet yee do not! Will the Church permit
A Nun in approbation of her habit
To be rauished?

Hil. A holy woman, benedicite!
Now God forfend that any should presume
To touch the sister of a holy house.

Sir Ar. Ihesus deliuer mee!

Sir Raph. Why, Milliscent, the daughter of this knight,
Is out of Cheston taken the last night.

Hil. Was that faire maiden late become a Nun?

Sir Raph. Was she, quotha? Knauery, knauery, knauery; I smell it, I smell it, yfaith; is the wind in that dore? is it euen so? doost thou aske me that now?

Hil. It is the first time that I ere heard of it.

Sir Ar. That's very strange.

Sir Raph. Why, tell me, Frier, tell mee; thou art counted a holy man; doe not play the hypocrite with me, nor beare with mee. I cannot dissemble. Did I ought but by thy own consent, by thy allowance — nay, further, by thy warrant?

Hil. Why, Reuerend knight —

Sir Raph. Vnreuerend Frier —

38. *my griefe?* C and the rest. — 39. *yet you doe* D and the rest. — 43—45. Printed as prose in ABCDE. — 47. *the*] *this* BD and the rest. — 49. *knauery* four times in BD and the rest. — 52. *that ere I heard* B. — 55. *nor*] *now* Collier conj. — 57. *farther* GHIK.

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Hil. Nay, then giue me leaue, sir, to depart in quiet; I had hopd you had sent for mee to some other end.

Sir Ar. Nay, stay, good Frier; if any thing hath hapd
About this matter in thy loue to vs,
That thy strickt order cannot iustifie,
Admit it be so, we will couer it.
Take no care, man:
Disclayme not yet thy counsell and aduise,
The wisest man that is may be orereacht.

Hil. Sir Arthur, by my order and my faith,
I know not what you meane.

Sir Raph. By your order and your faith?
This is most strange of all: Why, tell me, Frier,
Are not you Confessor to my Son Francke?

Hil. Yes, that I am.

Sir Raph. And did not this good knight here and my selfe
Confesse with you, being his ghostly Father,
To deale with him about th'intended marriage
Betwixt him and that faire young Milliscent?

Hil. I neuer heard of any match intended.

Sir Ar. Did not we breake our minds that very time,
That our deuice of making her a Nun
Was but a colour and a very plotte
To put by young Mountchensey? Ist not true?

Hil. The more I striue to know what you should meane,
The lesse I vnderstand you.

Sir Raph. Did not you tell vs still how Peter Fabell
At length would crosse vs, if we tooke not heed?

Hil. I haue heard of one that is a great magician,
But hees about the Vniversity.

Sir Raph. Did not you send your nouice Benedic
To perswade the girle to leaue Mountchenseys loue,
To crosse that Peter Fabell in his art,
And to that purpose made him visitor?

66. *it to be so* E and the rest. — 68. *yet my counsell* D and the rest. — 70. *and by my* FG. — 72—74. Two lines in Edd., ending at *all* | *Frier*. — 72. Prefixed *Sir Arthur* in ABC; *and by your* BD and the rest. — 73. *of all* om. EFG. — 78. *vnbanded* Edd.; for *intended* the pres. Edd. are answerable. — 82. *of*] *in* B and the rest. — 87, 88. Printed as prose in Edd. — 91. *Did you not* BEF.

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Hil. I neuer sent my nouice from the house,
Nor haue we made our visitation yet.
Sir Ar. Neuer sent him? Nay, did he not goe?
And did not I direct him to the house,
And conferre with him by the way? and did he not
Tell me what charge he had receiued from you,
Word by word, as I requested at your hands?
Hil. That you shall know; hee came along with me,
And stayes without. Come hither, Benedic!

Enter BENEDIC.

Yong Benedic, were you ere sent by me
To Cheston Nunnery for a visitor?
Ben. Neuer, sir, truely.
Sir Raph. Stranger then all the rest!
Sir Ar. Did not I direct you to the house? Confer with you
From Waltham Abby vnto Cheston wall?
Ben. I neuer saw you, sir, before this hower!
Sir Raph. The deuill thou didst not! Hoe, Chamberlen!

Enter CHAMBERLAINE.

Cham. Anon, anon.
Sir Raph. Call mine host Blague hither!
Cham. I will send one ouer to see if he be vp; I thinke he bee scarce stirring yet.
Sir Raph. Why, knaue, didst thou not tell me an hower ago, mine host was vp?
Cham. I, sir, my Master's vp.
Sir Raph. You knaue, is a vp, and is a not vp? Doest thou mocke me?
Cham. I, sir, my M. is vp; but I thinke M. Blague indeed be not stirring.
Sir Raph. Why, who's thy Master? is not the Master of the house thy Master?

95. *from my house* B and the rest. — 97—105. Printed as prose in ABCDE. — 99. *did not he* BDHIKL. — 106. Given to *Sir Ar.*, l. 107 to *Sir Ra.* in ABCDE. — 107, 108. Three lines in Edd., divided at *house* | *Abby* | *wall.* — 111. *Enter Chamberlaine* om. ABC. — 113. Prefixed *Cla.* in ABC; *one*] *once* B; *ouer sir to see* D and the rest. — 118. *is he up, and is he not up* HKL. — 120. *my Master ... Master Blague* D and the rest.

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Cham. Yes, sir; but M. Blague dwells ouer the way.

Sir Ar. Is not this the George? Before God, theres some [villany in this.

Cham. S'foote, our signe's remoou'd; this is strange! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter BLAGUE, *trussing his points.*

Host. Chamberlen, speake vp to the new lodgings, bid Nell looke well to the bakt meats!

Enter SIR ARTHUR *and* SIR RAPH.

How now, my old Ienerts bauke my house, my castle, lie in Waltham all night, and not vnder the Canopie of your host Blagues house?

Sir Ar. Mine host, mine host, we lay all night at the George in Waltham; but whether the George be your fee-simple or no, tis a doubtfull question. Looke vpon your signe!

Host. Body of Saint George, this is mine ouerthwart neighbour hath done this to seduce my blind customers. Ile tickle his catastrophe for this; if I do not indite him at next assises for Burglary, let me die of the yellowes; for I see tis no boote in these dayes to serue the good Duke of Norfolke. The villanous world is turnd manger; one Iade deceiues another, and your Ostler playes his part commonly for the fourth share. Haue wee Commedies in hand, you whorson, villanous male London letcher?

Sir Ar. Mine host, we haue had the moylingst night of it that euer we had in our liues.

Host. Ist certaine?

124. *dwells* om. B. — 125. *before Ioue theres* D and the rest. — 126. *Foote* D and the rest. — *Exeunt* om. Edd.

SCENE II. The scene is continued in Tieck. — 1—5. Divided at *lodgings* | *meats* | *horse* | *not* | *house* in Edd. — 1. *speake*] *speed* L. — 2. *meat* F and the rest; the stage-dir. *Enter* . . . added by the pres. Edd. — 3. *my old Iennerts banke, my horse, my castle* most Edd., *old jennet's back, my house* [*Is*] *my castle* L. *house* for *horse* first conj. by Steevens. — 8. *doubtfull* om. BD and the rest. — 10, 11. *to seduce* . . . *for this* om. EFG. — 11. *at the next* D and the rest. — 12. *see it is* L. — 14. *mangy* L. — 17. *London-lecther* D, *London leether* E, *London-leather* FG. — 20. *Is it* F and the rest.

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Sir Raph. We haue bin in the Forrest all night almost.

Host. S'foot, how did I misse you? Hart, I was a-stealing a Bucke there.

Sir Ar. A plague on you; we were stayed for you.

Host. Were you, my noble Romanes? Why, you shall share; the venison is a footing. *Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus*; that is, theres a good breakfast prouided for a marriage thats in my house this morning.

Sir Ar. A marriage, mine host?

Host. A coniunction copulatiue; a gallant match betweene your daughter and M. Raymond Mountchensey, yong Iuuentus.

Sir Ar. How?

Host. Tis firme, tis done. Weele shew you a president i'th

Sir Raph. How? married? [ciuill law for't.

Host. Leaue trickes and admiration. Theres a cleanely paire of sheetes in the bed in the Orchard chamber, and they shall lie there. What? Ile doe it; Ile serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Sir Ar. Thou shalt repent this, Blague.

Sir Raph. If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all seuerity.

Host. I renounce your defiance, if you parle so roughly. Ile barracado my gates against you. Stand, faire bully; Priest, come off from the rereward! What can you say now? Twas done in my house; I haue shelter i'th Court for't. D'yee see yon bay window? I serue the good Duke of Norfolk, and tis his lodging. Storm, I care not, seruing the good Duke of Norfolk. Thou art an Actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

Enter SMUG, MOUNTCHENSEY, HARRY CLARE, *and* MILLISCENT.

Smug. Fire, s'blood, theres no fire in England like your Trinidado sack. Is any man heere humorous? We stole the venison, and weele iustifie it: say you now!

21. Assigned to *Sir Ar.* in L. — 22. *Foote* D and the rest; *was stealing of a* D and the rest. — 26. *Venere* BDEF. — 27. *there is* CFG and the rest; *that is* CFG and the rest. — 31. *M.* (i. e. *Master*) om. L; *juvents* FG. — 33. *in the* F and the rest. — 36. *sheets on the bed* D and the rest; *bed on the Orchard* B, *in Orchard Chamber* A. — 37. *I serue* D and the rest. — 43. *reward* EF. — 44. *in the* F and the rest. — 44, 45. *Dee see your bay* A, *Doe see your bay* B, *Doe you see yon bay* D and the rest. — 48. *Fire, nouns, ther's* D and the rest.

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Host. In good sooth, Smug, theres more sacke on the fire, Smug.

Smug. I do not take any exceptions against your sacke; but if youle lend mee a picke staffe, ile cudgle them all hence, by this hand.

Host. I say thou shalt into the Celler.

Smug. S'foot, mine Host, shalls not grapple? Pray, pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a Cockatrices ege. Shalls not serue the Duke of Norfolk? [*Exit.*

Host. In, skipper, in!

Sir Ar. Sirra, hath young Mountchensey married your sister?

Y. Cla. Tis certaine, Sir; here's the Priest that coupled them, the parties ioyned, and the honest witnesse that cride Amen.

Ray. Sir Arthur Clare, my new created Father,
I beseech you, heare mee.

Sir Ar. Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy; you haue done that you cannot answere; I dare be bould to ceaze her from you; for shee's a profest Nun.

Mil. With pardon, sir, that name is quite vndone;
This true-loue knot cancelles both maid and Nun.
When first you told me I should act that part,
How cold and bloody it crept ore my hart!
To Chesson with a smiling brow I went;
But yet, deere sir, it was to this intent,
That my sweete Raymond might find better meanes
To steale me thence. In breefe, disguised he came,
Like Nouice to old father Hildersham;
His tutor here did act that cunning part,
And in our loue hath ioynd much wit to art.

Sir Ar. Is't euen so?

Mil. With pardon therefore wee intreat your smiles;
Loue, thwarted, turnes itselfe to thousand wiles.

Sir Ar. Young Maister Ierningham, were you an actor
In your owne loues abuse?

Y. Ier. My thoughts, good sir,
Did labour seriously vnto this end,
To wrong my selfe, ere ide abuse my friend.

53. *you lend* L. — 56, 57. *pray you, pray you* CHIKL. — 66. *to ceaze on her* EFG. — 79. *Is it* F and the rest. — 82, 83 (. . *abuse*). Printed as prose in ABCDE.

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Host. He speakes like a Batchelor of Musicke, all in Numbers. Knights, if I had knowne you would haue let this couy of Partridges sit thus long vpon their knees vnder my signe post, I would haue spred my dore with old Couerlids.

Sir Ar. Well, sir, for this your signe was remoued, was it?

Host. Faith, wee followed the directions of the deuill, Master Peter Fabell; and Smug, Lord blesse vs! could neuer stand vpright since.

Sir Ar. You, sir, twas you was his minister that married them?

Sir Io. Sir, to proue my selfe an honest man, being that I was last night in the forrest stealing Venison — now, sir, to haue you stand my friend, if that matter should bee calld in question, I married your daughter to this worthy gentleman.

Sir Ar. I may chaunce to requite you, and make your necke crack for't.

Sir Io. If you doe, I am as resolute as my Neighbour vicar of Waltham Abby; a hem, grasse and hay! wee are all mortall; lets liue till we be hangd, mine host, and be merry, and theres an end.

Enter FABELL.

Fab. Now, knights, I enter; now my part begins.
To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your loue tooke flight
From old Mountchensey; you, sir Arthur Clare,
Were minded to haue married this sweete beauty
To yong Franke Ierningham; to crosse which match,
I vsde some pretty sleights; but I protest
Such as but sate vpon the skirts of Art;
No coniurations, nor such weighty spells
As tie the soule to their performancy.
These for his loue, who once was my deere puple,
Haue I effected. Now, mee thinks, tis strange
That you, being old in wisedome, should thus knit
Your forehead on this match, since reason failes;
No law can curbe the louers rash attempt;

89. *old* om. D and the rest. — 97. *that*] *the* D and the rest. — 98. *your*] *you* A. — 104. *Enter Fabell* om. ABC, *Enter Fabian* DE. — 108. *you*] *your* B. — 110. *which*] *this* E and the rest. — 116. *affected* EF. — 119. *lover's* L.

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Yeares, in resisting this, are sadly spent.
Smile, then, vpon your daughter and kind sonne,
And let our toyle to future ages proue,
The Deuill of Edmonton did good in Loue.

Sir Ar. Well, tis in vaine to crosse the prouidence:
Deere Sonne, I take thee vp into my hart;
Rise, daughter; this is a kind fathers part.

Host. Why, Sir Iohn, send for Spindles noise, presently: Ha, er't be night, Ile serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Sir Io. Grasse and hay! mine Host, lets live till we die, and be merry, and theres an end.

Sir Ar. What, is breakfast ready, mine Host?

Host. Tis, my little Hebrew.

Sir Ar. Sirra, ride straight to Chesson Nunry,
Fetch thence my Lady; the house, I know,
By this time misses their yong votary.
Come, knights, lets in!

Bil. I will to horse presently, sir. — A plague a my Lady, I shall misse a good breakfast. Smug, how chaunce you cut so plaguely behind, Smug?

Smug. Stand away, Ile founder you else.

Bil. Farewell, Smug, thou art in another element.

Smug. I will be by and by; I will be Saint George againe.

Sir Ar. Take heed the fellow doe not hurt himselfe.

Sir Raph. Did we not last night find two S. Georges here?

Fab. Yes, knights, this martialist was one of them.

Y. Cla. Then thus conclude your night of merriment!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

126. *This is a kind father's part* given to *Mil.* in L. — 127. *Why, Sir George* the old copies; corr. in L. — 132. Prefix *Host* om. C. — 137. *a my*] *o my* D, *on my* E and the rest. — 142. *Sir George* ABC; corr. in D. —

THE END.

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NOTES.

THE PROLOGUE.

5. *round*, the interior of the play-house, on account of its circular form. For the same reason the circle of the theatre is called a *wooden O* H. V. Prol. 13.

7. *to entertayne*, to enter into, to admit. Cp. Shak. Lucr. 1629

Awake, thou Roman dame
And entertain my love.

14. *that* refers to *his*, l. 12: the birth and the abode of him who was called the merry Fiend of Edmonton.

19. *His monument remayneth to be seene.* 'A monument, reputed to be his, was shown in Edmonton Church, in the time of Weaver and of Norden: but it was without inscription, and therefore could throw no light on his history'. Nares, s. v. Fabell.

20. *His memory*, scil. *remaineth*, l. 19.

22 seqq. The construction of the whole sentence, in which ll. 24, 25 form a sort of parenthesis, is somewhat inexact, as the verb which ought to join *that* (l. 22) and *The very time and houre* (l. 28) is wanting.

36. *guarded with these sable slights*, ornamented with sable decorations or devices. *slight*, originally, artifice, contrivance; thence, anything artfully conceived or contrived, ornaments. Similarly, *device* originally means contrivance, stratagem; thence, anything fancifully conceived; cp. K. John I. 210

Not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement.

INDUCTION.

3, 4. Cp. Haml. I. 5. 19, 20

And each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

16. *this*, i. e. *this is*; see Abbot, A Shakespearian Grammar, s. 461.

22 seqq. Rather than so abruptly be carried to hell, Fabell will bear on his shoulders the whole globe of earth like Hercules,

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and at the same time endure the sufferings by which Prometheus was tormented.

45. *meane*, despicable. The sense of the lines is: Immoderate desire of knowledge renders man contemptible to the powers and may even lead him down to hell.

62. *holowness*, properly, deceitfulness, treachery; as a title given to Coreb it was probably suggested by the expression *his holiness*, the appellation of the Pope of Rome.

79. *like Phaetontique flames*, such Phaetonic endeavours. As Phaeton perished in trying to take Phœbus' place, so Fabell will finally fail in attempting to out-wit the Devil.

ACT I.

1. [Stage-dir.] *Blague*, from the French *blague*, swaggering, bragging.

Ib. *Safe-guardes*, large petticoats, worn over the other clothes, to protect them from dirt; see Nares, Gloss., s. v.

1, 5. *my little wast of maiden-heads*, addressed to Harry Clare. The abstract substantive *waste* is used here for the concrete noun *waster, destroyer*. Cp. the similar use of *corruption*, l. 15.

1, 10. *a Tartarian*. Nares and Webster give *thief* as the meaning of the word. More properly, *a Tartarian* seems to be any person of low order who strolls about the country like a gypsy. Cp. *a Bohemian Tartar* M. Wives IV. 5. 21; *tawny Tartar* Mids. III. 2. 101.

1, 15. *wil that corruption looke well*. As to the construction of *wil*, cp. H. V. II. 4. 90 *willing you overlook this pedigree*, Tit. V. 1. 160 *willing you to demand your hostages*.

1, 27. The Host, having a great predilection for nautical terms (cp. I. 2. 1 seqq.), means to enhance the idea of *presently* by adding *top and top-gallant*.

1, 35. *my canuasadoes and my interrogatories. canvasado*, a burlesque form for *canvass*, inspection, examination; *interrogatory* occurs again IV. 1. 4.

1, 43. *assure*, to engage, to affiance.

1, 54. Near Waltham King Edward I. had a cross erected in remembrance of Queen Elinor. — Clare first uses *crosses* in the sense of disappointment, vexation; in order to avert Milliscent's attention, he then speaks of crosses in the proper sense of the word, and gives his whole speech such an obscure and unintelligible turn that Milliscent is right in exclaiming:

O God, what meanes my father?

1, 57, 58. Cp. Merch. of Ven. V. 1. 30—32

she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours. (Quoted by Hazlitt.)

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1, 66. *Cane-tobacco.* 'Tobacco made up in a particular form, highly esteemed and dear.' Nares, Gloss., s. v.

1, 67, 68. Convinced that Mr. Hazlitt's alteration of the text does not hit the mark, and unable to proffer an emendation that would remove the difficulties of this buzzling passage once for all, we have left the reading of the originals unchanged. Tieck's translation of the two lines is to the following effect:

Was Hunde haben sollten frisst der Falk,
Ihn kost't der Spitz mehr als der Solofänger.

1, 74. *You'le see a flight, wife, shortly of his land,* i. e. you will soon see how his land passes away; cp. V. 2. 107 *ere your loue took flight.*

2, 1. *Ostlers, you knaues and commanders.* The Host considers his ostlers as his officers, *commander* being the officer who ranks next above a lieutenant in the Navy.

2, 2. *your honourable hulkes.* As to the use of *your*, Lat. *iste*, cp. Abbott, s. 221.

2, 4. *Via* is, according to Florio, 'an adverb of encouraging, much used by commanders, as also by riders to their horses'. (Quoted by Al. Schmidt, Shakespeare-Lexicon, s. v.).

2, 5, 6 and 9—14. Tieck translates these quaint speeches of *mine Host Blague* thus: *Mögen die Verhängnisse saub're Kammerdiener diesen landstreichenden Puritanern werden, ihr Ritter der Subsidien! ... Ha! Platz da für mein Paar Pistolen, die mit griechischen und lateinischen Kugeln geladen sind; lasst mich euch in die Flanken fallen, ihr meine behenden Gibraltars, und Wind in eure Lendenstücke blasen, dass sie dicker auflaufen! Ha! springen will ich in meinem Besitzthum! Weg mit allen Punctilio's und aller Orthographie! ich diene dem guten Herzog von Norfolk!*

2, 14. *Titere tu* &c. Verg. Ecl. I. 1 *Tityre tu* &c.

2, 16. *Bilbo,* prop., a rapier, a sword, from the town of Bilboa, in Spain, famous for the manufacture of good blades.

2, 19, 20. *without any more discontinuance, releases, or atturnement.* Besides its proper meaning, the word *discontinuance* is an English law-term and refers to the alienation of an estate. The use of this word induces the loquacious Host to add two other law-terms of a similar sense, but which have nothing to do with the idea he will express.

2, 21. *sea-card,* mariner's card, compass.

2, 23. *my souldier of S. Quintins.* Eight thousand English soldiers, under the command of the Earl of Pembroke, were present at the battle of S. Quentins, 1557.

2, 24 seq. The Host compares his sack to the stars commonly called Charles' wain or the Great Bear, and to a crabfish glistening in the dark.

2, 26. *your Coopers Dixionary.* Cooper's Thesaurus Linguae Latinae was published in 1584.

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2, 42. *Passion*, deep sorrow and grief, as often in Shakespeare.

2, 45. After breakfast Sir Arthur intends to communicate to Mounchensey his purpose of sending Milliscent to the Nunnery.

3, 9. *to be in hand*, to be about.

3, 14. *read*, studied.

3, 38 seqq. The sense of these lines seems to be: If any other person should have offered to help me, I should not have cared for it, knowing that nobody can bring me comfort. Thy words, however, exercise some influence upon me, as I know thou art able to help me if thou wilt. But I feel sure that thou wilt not give up Milliscent, and therefore I should have preferred any other person to offer me his help; I should have believed him, but I cannot believe thee.

3, 49 seqq. The construction of this rather diffuse passage is: Come, Raymond, and make thy groning love .... leape, caper ... (l. 53), i. e. do not exhibit thy love in such a melancholy way, but in a more cheerful manner. — As ll. 51, 52, like l. 50, refer to *loue*, and contain an evident allusion to Cupid, the change of the gender (l. 51, 53) may easily be accounted for.

3, 52. *at hudman-blind*, i. e. with his eyes blind-folded as in the children's game now called blind-man's-buff. Cp. Haml. III. 4. 77

What devil was't
That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind.

3, 59. *in hugger-mugger*, in secrecy, clandestinely. Cp. Haml. IV. 5. 84, and Ford, 'Tis Pity she's a Whore, III. 1. (Works, ed. Hartley Coleridge, p. 35a): *there is no way but to clap up a marriage in hugger-mugger* (quoted by Elze), and The Revenger's Tragedy V. (apud Dodsley, Old Plays, ed. Hazlitt, vol. V, p. 90): *and how quaintly he died, like a politician, in hugger-mugger.*

3, 65. *doe I bend in the hams?* Cp. Pericles IV. 2. 114 *The French knight that cowers i'the hams. Who? M. Veroles.*

3, 68. *to giue out*, to publish, proclaim.

3, 73. *to lanch*, to send a ship into the water, in a figurative sense here. Tieck translates: *die Alten, Eure Väter,* | *Gedenken thät'ge Beutel flott zu machen.*

3, 82. *to slubber*, to obscure or darken. Cp. Oth. I. 3. 227, and the First Part of Jeronimo (Dodsley, ed. Hazlitt vol. IV, p. 374): *The evening too begins to slubber day.*

3, 85. *spring*, springall, a youth, a lad.

3, 101. *a counterfeit*, a false coin; cp. Gentl. V. 4. 53 *thou counterfeit to thy true friend.*

3, 105 seq. Thou hast given me back to life, dear friend; my soul feels so free that neither time nor even death can lessen or alter my happiness.

3, 114 seq. What favour may Raymond expect at thy hands for the honour he renders to thee?

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3, 123. *passe,* unfortunate state, predicament; cp. Lear III. 4. 65

have his daughters brought him to this pass!

3, 143. *hollow.* The form *hollo* is also used by Shakespeare, Ven. 973

she hears some huntsman hollo.

ACT II.

1, 7. *it tickles our Catastrophe.* The same expression occurs again V. 2. 10, and is used by Falstaff 2 H. IV., II. 1. 66:

I'll tickle your Catastrophe.

1, 40. *The question is.* As similar incomplete constructions very often occur in familiar conversation, Mr. Hazlitt's reading *the question is good, neighbour B.* seems to be uncalled for.

1, 50. *Castilian,* 'a delicate courtier.

Come, come, Castilian, skim the pusset curd,
Shew thy queere substance, worthless, most absurd.'

(Quoted by Nares, s. v., from Marston's Satires, 1599.)

1, 52. 'His address to the smith, on reading the *little Geneva print,* was an equivoque on the redness of his eyes from having drunk too much, and the small type in which the Scriptures were printed in the common Genevan version' (Hazlitt). The English bible was printed several times at Geneva, first in 1560.

1, 55. *Hungarions,* a cant term for *hungry person.* Cp. Shak., M. W. I. 3. 23 *O base Hungarion wight.*

1, 60. *bosonians,* the same as *bezonians,* which is used twice by Shakespeare 2 H. IV., V. 3. 118; 2 H. VI., IV. 1. 134. The word comes from the Italian *bisogno* need, want, and means *a beggar.* — The sense of the line is: The keepers beg at my house and are quite dependent on me.

1, 61. *Gog* and *Magog,* originally two nations hostile to the Israelites; popular name for two colossal statues in the Guildhall, London.

1, 67. *the Citizen of good fellowes,* in contrast with the preceding *a Boore, a Boore of the Country.*

2, 2. *with shalles.* A quibble on *shall,* shale, shell, and *shall,* denoting futurity. Nares, s. v., very aptly quotes, besides our passage, Churchyard, Challenge p. 153

Thus all with shall or shalles ye shal be fed.

2, 6. *brangled,* confused, entangled.

2, 26. *orient,* bright, shining; cp. Shakespeare, Pilgr. 133 *bright, orient pearl.*

2, 40. *Were 't not for manhood sake.* But for the dignity of a gentleman of my age, I should not brave thee with mere words, but challenge thee with sword in hand.

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2, 57. *soares*, soaring flight; thence, high-flown words, quarrel.

2, 68, 69. Addressing his father.

2, 82. *to fadge*, to go, proceed, succeed; cp. L. L. L. V. 1. 154, and Tw. N. II. 2. 34.

2, 84. Addressing R. Mounchensey.

2, 87. *fellowes of a handfull hie*, i. e. sprites. *hie*, high; *a handfull*, a palm, a measure of four inches. Cp. B. Jonson, Cynthia's Rev. III. 4:

> *Here stalks me by a proud and spangled sir*
> *That looks three handfuls higher than his foretop.*

(Quoted by Nares.)

3, 3. *the composure of weake frailtie meete.* As *composure* means 'the elements which compose s. t., the materials', it is not necessary to substitute *meets* (L) for the plural number *meete*.

3, 19 seq. Your absence will so waste his blood that his cheeks shall look quite pale.

3, 22. For *to waine*, to avert, to alienate, cp. 3 Henry VI., IV. 4. 17, and Tit. Andr. I. 1. 211.

3, 38. *your fathers may chance spie your parting.* The verb *to chance* is sometimes, though rarely, followed by the infinitive without *to*; cp. 2 H. IV., II. 1. 12 *It may chance cost some of us our liues*; Troil. I. 1. 26 *you may chance burn your lips* (Q), F *to burn*.

3, 63. *kept under. to keep under*, to restrain, detain, has here apparently an obscene sense; else *yet* at the beginning of the line can hardly be accounted for.

ACT III.

1, 7. *Holy matron, woman milde.* Apposition to *Daughter Marie.*

1, 22. *That* refers to *your* (l. 21): *you that so truely pay your tithe.* Cp. V. 2. 115.

1, 32. *buske.* 'The busk was thought very essential to the female figure. Marston, Scourge II. 7:

> *Her long slit sleeves, stiffe buske, puffe verdingall,*
> *Is all that makes her thus angelical.*' Nares s. v.

1, 39. *the sacring Bell.* 'A small bell used in the Roman Catholic Church to call attention to the more solemn parts of the service of the mass.' Webster. The word also occurs Henry VIII., III. 2. 295.

1, 42. *Lattins*, Latin prayers or hymns.

1, 53. *mornings Masse.* Cp. *mornings' joy* Lucr. 1107, *morning's rest* Rom. V. 3. 189, *morning's dew* Tit. II. 3. 201, *a morning's holy office* Cymb. III. 3. 4.

1, 81. Cp. Per. IV. 4. 25: *Pericles, in sorrow all devoured.*

1, 87. *I, a poore innocent shee.* Cp. Tw. I. 5. 259 *the cruellest she.* It is, therefore, unnecessary to alter the punctuation as Hazlitt has done.

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1, 90. *conscience*, thought, consideration; Haml. III. 1. 83

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

1, 95. *To thrust Mounchenseyes nose besides the cushion*, i. e. to impose upon M. Cp. the phrases *to miss the cushion, to be beside the cushion*. According to Nares, *cushion* was a term of archery, being a name for the mark at which the archers shot.

1, 101. Addressed to Harry Clare.

1, 111. *None only but* (Edd. *only, but*). *But only* as well as *only but* are often used for *only* or *but*. Cp. Merch. III. 5. 51 *in none only but parrots*.

2, 16. *my deere bosome*. Cp. the Shakespearian phrases *my dear heart, my dear blood, my dear soul*, in all of which *dear* has the signification of *inmost*.

2, 20. *Did you now know but how this iest takes fire. but*, properly belonging to *know*, is attracted by the following sentence. A similar instance of attraction is Mcb. V. 8. 40

He only lived but till he was a man.

2, 81—87. The sense of the passage as we read it (l. 84 *Harry*) is: Peter Fabell, in the habit of Frier Hildersham, made his plot with the aid of Francke and Harry and with my own assistance, and *so*, i. e. in that disguise he conversed with Sir Arthur Clare.

2, 132. *vnbagd*, not pregnant. *to bag*, to become pregnant.

2, 137. *turne tippet*, to make a complete change, particularly used of a maid becoming a wife. The origin of the phrase is not clear. Cp. Ben Jonson, The Case is Altered III. 3. (ed. Gifford, vol. VI, p. 378 seq.): *You to turn tippet! fie, fie!* and Beaumont and Fletcher, Monsieur Thomas II. 2. 5 (ed. Darnley, vol. I, p. 472[b]): *You must turn tippet.* (Quoted by Nares.)

2, 141. *hees the onely man*. Cp. M. Ado III. 1. 92 *he is the onely man of Italy*.

2, 144. Cp. V. 1. 91 seqq.

2, 153. *To watch the coast be cleere*. The same proverbial expression occurs 1 H. VI., I. 3. 89 *see the coast cleared*.

2, 163. *tall*, lusty, sturdy. Shakespeare generally uses the word in an ironical or derisory sense; see Al. Schmidt, Shakespeare-Lexicon, s. v. But the contemporary writers often use it without ridiculing it as an affected term of fashion. Cp. Nares, s. v.

ACT IV.

1, 19. *A horse*, a machine upon which anything is supported by laying it across (Halliwell, Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words, s. v. [3]). See, below, l. 121.

1, 32. The *&c.* means, of course, that Sir John repeats his old saying "We are all mortal; we'll live till we die, and be merry, and ther's an end." (Collier).

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1, 44. *the stone Priest.* Cp. *a stone horse*, i. e. a horse not castrated.

1, 79. *goe vp the wind*, i. e. go against the wind. Cp. *down the wind*, in the direction of the wind.

2, 40. *mareterraneum skinker.* The Host seems to mean *mediterraneum skinker.* For *skinker*, tapster, drawer, see Nares s. v.

2, 71. *roomer*, an old sea term; *to go* or *put roomer*, to tack about before the wind. See Halliwell, Dict., s. v. *To cry roomer*, to give the command to tack about before the wind.

ACT V.

1, 28. *Ile firke him. to firk*, to beat, to drub; cp. H. V., IV. 4. 29 *I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him.*

1, 55, 56. The sense of the lines is: Tell me the plain truth, for your calling forbids all hypocrisy, nor need you be indulgent towards me (*nor beare with me*): I am quite prepared to hear and to bear the whole truth. Collier's conjecture, therefore, ingenious though it be, seems to be unnecessary.

1, 125. *Is not this the George?* In order to mislead the two knights, Fabell and his companions seem to have interchanged the signs of the two inns, and to have engaged Smug, in the disguise of Saint George, to stand over the door of the George. Only thus can we account for V. 2. 142 where Smug says *I will be Saint George again.* Cp., besides, ib. 144, 145. See Tieck, Alt-Englisches Theater II, p. 8.

2, 3. *Jenerts*, jennets; see the similar expression of the Host I. 2, 11 *my nimble Giberalters* (*gibber*, a bauky horse).

Ib. *bauke.* Steevens feels inclined to retain the original reading *banke.* 'The merry Host', he says, 'seems willing to assemble ideas expressive of trust and confidence. The old quartos begin the word *jenert* with a capital letter, and therefore we may suppose *Ienert's bank* to have been the shop of some banker, in whose possession money could be deposited with security. The Irish still say, *as sure as Burton's bank*, and our own countrymen *as sure as the bank of England.*' But even granting that there were country-banks in England as early as the end of the sixteenth century, which is by no means probable, we must own that we cannot make out the meaning of the expression in our passage. Quite as little are we satisfied by Mr. Hazlitt's conjecture *Ienert's back.* The word *bauk* which we have introduced into the text, is the ancient spelling of *balk* and is several times found in the old Edd. of Shakespeare (s. Al. Schmidt, Shak.-Lex., s. v.). For the use of *bauk* cp. *By reason of the contagion then in London, we balked the inns* Evelyn. (Quoted by Webster.).

Ib. *house.* The reading *horse* was probably influenced by the preceding *jenerts. house* was already conjectured by Nares, s. v.

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Jenerts. As to the expression *my house, my castle,* cp. I. 1. 2 *Welcome good knight, to the George at Waltham, my free-hold, my tenements, goods and chattels.* By the reading, proposed by Mr. Hazlitt, *my house is my castle,* the construction of the whole passage seems to lose consistency.

2, 12. *the yellowes,* jaundice in horses; cp. Shak., Tam. III. 2. 54.

2, 16. *haue we Commedies in hand,* do we perform a comedy.

2, 26. *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.* Ter. Eun. 4, 5, 6.

2, 31. *Lusty Juventus* is the title of one of the oldest English Moral-Plays.

2, 46. *Storm,* be passionate, chafe.

2, 49. *to be humorous,* to act from caprice, cp. Span. Trag., Old Plays, ed. Hazlitt, vol. V, p. 31.

2, 57. *like a Cockatrices ege.* The cockatrice or basilisk was fabled to have so deadly an eye as to kill by its very look. Cp. Shak. Rom. III. 2. 45

Say thou but I,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

2, 59. *skipper,* a thoughtless young fellow. Cp. Shak. Shr. II. 341 *skipper, stand back!*

2, 88. *sit thus long vpon their knees.* Milliscent and Mountchensey are kneeling before Clare.

2, 127. *Spindles noise. noise,* a company of musicians; cp. 2 H. IV., II. 4. 13 *find out Sneak's noise.*

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